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LIBRARY THEORY AND PRACTICE.

One of the puzzling questions repeatedly confronting the library worker, as well as all the rest of mankind, is how to keep theory and practice within some measurable distance of each other. The ideal and the real are perpetually playing at hide-and-seek in this world of ours, so that for the greater part of the time the one is completely out of sight of the other. Systems that work charmingly on paper prove elsewhere as disinclined to go as was Obstinate to leave the City of Destruction. Rules and principles that seem to the library-school student in his library-school days so beautiful and at the same time so important and so practicable that all the world of books and readers ought to find its highest pleasure in conforming thereto, have a mysterious way in after life of developing an unexpected and highly unwelcome inapplicability to concrete cases. But what is the use of two laborious years, or it may have been three, at Albany or the Pratt Institute if one is to fall back ignominiously at last on plain common-sense or rule-of-thumb or other unsanctioned substitute for the printed precept and the approved formula? And is it a thing to be contemplated with equanimity that one should actually be tempted to laugh at one's former zeal in learning certain grand general principles and a multitude of minute details that somehow fail afterward to demonstrate their intimate relation with the every-day duties of a hard-worked librarian? But conscientious endeavor to live up to the very letter of library law is fraught with the danger of making oneself a ridiculous, stiff-jointed pedant instead of a pleasing, popular, and pliant servant of the book-reading public.

Memory retains, with most of us, indelible impressions of those beautifully engraved lines at the top of our copy-book pages, that served as models on which we shaped our early exercises in penmanship. In the remote past of the eighties and seventies and sixties, it was the gracefully sloping Spencerian caligraphy that we painfully imitated, with tongue in cheek and head inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees. Later decades have seen the rise of the uncompromising up-and-down or vertical style

of handwriting, intolerant of meaningless curlicues and having in general, with all its prim regularity, something of the plainness of a board fence. But the persistence of either manner in the penmanship of a person who has arrived at years of discretion is something that makes one smile and form an immediate and not altogether complimentary opinion of that person's force and originality. Why, then, are we taught to write in a fashion that we are expected to cast aside a few years later? Obviously, because there is no other advisable course for all concerned than to teach the "faultily faultless" style to begin with, and then leave it to the pupil to develop his own characteristic variations on the model as he approaches maturity. So with library theory; a method unworkable in all its details in any single public library, but beautifully adapted to the ideal library in an ideal community, is the only possible one for teaching purposes, while the variations and irregularities, the short-cuts and the novel adjustments and the temporary expedients, must be left to evolve for themselves (with the alert and resourceful librarian's aid) in the storm and stress of actual library service.

The story is well known of the learned college professor who awoke one night in a cold sweat from a nightmare in which he dreamt of being compelled, in order to retain his chair, to pass the entrance examinations at the institution where he taught — a test that taxed his powers to the breaking point. How many of our foremost librarians would thoroughly enjoy taking the examinations required for a diploma at the Albany library school? And how many of those who every year pass these examinations most brilliantly will ever be heard of again as heads of the leading large libraries? Few practising physicians would undertake to compete successfully with seniors at the medical school for academic honors, and not many veteran lawyers would face with entire confidence a searching test in Blackstone and Kent. In Trollope's novel, "The Eustace Diamonds," Arthur Herriot, a young and as yet briefless barrister, is represented as always carrying about with him a volume or two of Stone and Toddy's "Digest of the Common Law," at which he grinds away industriously; while his friend Frank Greystock, who has already achieved success and enjoys a lucrative practice, hardly ever gives a thought to the law. "The best of the legal profession," declares the author, "consists in this — that when you get fairly at work you may give over working. An aspirant must learn everything; but a man may make his fortune at it, and know almost nothing. He may examine a witness with judgment, see through a case with precision, address a jury with eloquence, and yet may be altogether ignorant of the law. But he must be believed to be a very pundit before he will get a chance of exercising his judgment, his precision, or his eloquence. The men whose names are always in the newspapers never look at their Stone and Toddy — care for it not at all — have their Stone and Toddy got up for them by their juniors when cases require that reference shall be made to precedents."

That is rather cynical and flippant, even though it may be not without a grain of truth, and the contempt felt by Trollope's successful lawyer for Stone and Toddy need not argue a like contempt for Dewey and Cutter on the part of the successful librarian. Let it not be supposed that any part of the purpose of this article is to throw discredit on the training school of any profession. The ideally perfect system of library economy has to be taught before the more or less faulty practice can be taken up to the best advantage; and, after all, what working librarian who has entered his profession by the way of Albany or the Pratt Institute or other approved route, does not look back most gratefully upon that preliminary drill in the theory of his calling? In that enjoyable sheaf of alumni memories included in the recent pamphlet ("The First Quarter Century of the New York State Library School") issued at Albany, occurs a significant passage from the pen of Mr. Edwin H. Anderson, who has lately succeeded Dr. Billings as Director of the New York Public Library. "Having been," he says, "some years out of college when I entered the school, I naturally found the close study of the many details of library work, and especially the minutiæ of cataloguing, very irksome. When I tried to learn to write catalogue cards in 'library hand,' I felt like an elephant trying to do fancy needlework. I shall never forget the gory red of the reviser's corrections on my cards. I was inclined to cavil at many of the minute, not to say fussy, details of cataloguing. I still think some of them *were* fussy; but I had not been long engaged in practical library work before I saw reasons for most of those minute details. I suppose there is no more assured maker of college curricula than the freshman, and I remember that during my first term in the school I had little doubt that I could vastly improve its curriculum. Now, after twenty years' experi-

ence as a librarian, during which I have had more or less to do with the management of three library schools, I am not so confident."

This conflict, whether real or only apparent, between theory and practice in every profession is, of course, merely one manifestation of a strife as old as humanity; and undoubtedly neither idealists nor realists, neither Platonists nor Aristotelians, will ever succeed in having things all their own way. But it is remarkable how within the twenty-five years of library-school history the ready jibe at school-made librarians has died on the scorner's tongue, and the school itself has won its right to stand unchallenged beside the other professional schools, which in their turn were once compelled to show reason why they should be suffered to exist. Thus the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns; and to what still undreamt-of achievements library theory shall break the road for timid and doubting practice, remains to be seen.

CASUAL COMMENT.

HOME READING, both for pleasure and for profit, receives in these days the encouragement offered by an increasing production of books at prices which, especially in the case of reprints, are within the reach of nearly all, by the steady growth of the public library system and the attention now given to bringing the books almost to the very doors of the people, by the extension of university instruction, and by other agencies tending to implant a thirst for book-knowledge. Nevertheless the reported instances of a decrease in the circulation of public library books are becoming rather frequent, and one wishes to know the reason why. The James V. Brown Library of Williamsport, Pa., is among the latest to announce a marked and rather puzzling falling-off in the home use of its books. The librarian, in his current Report, gives a considerable number of what he regards as contributory causes, such as the increasing vogue of all sorts of pastimes, the multiplication of societies and clubs of many kinds, the spread of nature-study, the enlistment of the young in the army of Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls, and the demands made on the time of those who, especially in the summer season, feel it their duty as well as their pleasure to attend out-door contests of various sorts and to give a vociferous moral support to the side they wish to see victorious. These numerous distractions may well operate in the manner indicated by the Williamsport librarian. Two other possible factors in the situation may here be brought to notice for what they are worth. The improved facilities for reading and study within the library itself, with its well-equipped reference rooms and expert attendants, invite the visitor to pursue his researches and even to read his favorite novelist within the library precincts instead of carrying the books home and back. Secondly, though this may have but little effect on the final result, the revival of the long-winded novel has made it impossible for the fiction-lover to read as many current novels as twenty years ago, when the pocket size of romance was in favor. The 625 pages, in rather close print, of "The Amateur Gentleman" would make three novels of the size of "The House of the Wolf," or six of the dimensions of "Mademoiselle Ixe." Mr. De Morgan, Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison, and many others of their guild, are now giving us in their books good measure, pressed down and shaken together and running over; and as fiction figures more largely in a public library's circulation than any other class of literature, the ponderous bulk of the novel of the day may be a not wholly negligible factor in bringing about a diminution in the number of books drawn for home use.

* * *

LITERARY CRITICISM THAT STIMULATES is the kind that seems to have been dealt out to Mr. James Lane Allen, who, in a recent interview, is reported as saying in regard to the relation between author and critic: "The total result of this relation may be broken into many partial results. One is that the sympathies of the body of critics pass by way of the books over to the great body of creative workers. This is the first and chief value of such criticism—that it puts new life into the authors. This result is direct and positive and of incalculable value to the body of workers." To have one's book reviewed by one hundred and fifty critics, working independently, and to find, as Mr. Allen has often found, one hundred and forty of them in substantial agreement, he declares to be an amazing experience, "as amazing as would be the verdict in an imaginary case at law in which one hundred and fifty jurors should sift the evidence, each in solitary confinement, and then march back to the court-room to give a verdict of acquittal or the reverse. Such a result as this could not possibly be reached unless these one hundred and fifty human minds were working sincerely and intelligently. The knowledge that they do so work makes the author one in humanity with these workers, not one of whom he will possibly ever meet. There is no measure of how vital such an experience is. Simply by it we acquire faith in human nature. And the more faith an author has in human nature, the better his work will be. The less faith he has, the worse his work will be. All real literature is faith in human nature." Between this pleasing picture of a sympathetic bond uniting author and critic, and the vision of a Keats done to death by a Quarterly Reviewer (though, fortunately, that famous legend has no historical basis), what a contrast!

* * *

MILTON'S TESTIMONY IN THE SHAKESPEARE-BACON CONTROVERSY ought to be of weight, for his life and Shakespeare's overlapped each other by eight years, and the author of "Paradise Lost" was eighteen years old when Bacon died. Therefore we

follow with interest Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence's argument to prove that Milton was a Baconian. The proof is simple and unanswerable. In the great poet's tribute to Shakespeare, beginning, "What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones," Sir Edwin favors in the fourth line the less common reading, "starre-ypointed," instead of "starre-ypointing," and "a starre-ypointed Pyramid" is obviously a beacon; and if the word *beacon* was not pronounced *bacon* in Milton's time, it surely ought to have been, to make perfect this beautiful proof that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. Sir Edwin is to be congratulated on having discovered this convincing bit of evidence in the great question. But we have recently hit upon an even more remarkable, because more adroitly concealed, expression of opinion on the burning issue. Coming down two centuries from Milton to Matthew Arnold, we find in the latter's sonnet on Shakespeare irrefutable proof that this distinguished poet of the nineteenth century discerned, even though he did not venture openly to proclaim, the real authorship of the works attributed to Shakespeare. In the last line of the sonnet — note the poet's subtlety in choosing the very last line as a hiding place for his cryptogram — we find the name of Bacon very cleverly concealed; and no small part of the cleverness lies in the fact that there is just enough method in the scheme to show design, and just enough irregularity to suggest mere chance. But no accidental juxtaposition of words and letters can account for what we will now disclose. The last line reads, "Find their sole speech in that victorious brow." Now note that the very last word begins with *b*, the third word from the end contains the vowel *a*, the fifth from the end has the letter *c*, the third from the beginning has the vowel *o*, and the first word has the consonant *n*. There we have the name *Bacon* complete. If anyone objects that in all this there is nothing but chance, and not the faintest trace of design, we would ask whether any tossing about of the words of the dictionary for a million ages would ever be likely to result in just the combination of words the poet has here written in his closing line. We trow not.

* * *

THE OUTRAGED ORTHOËPIST gives public expression to his feelings from time to time in magazine or newspaper articles urging a reform in our habits of speech, a less clipped and slurred pronunciation of our words. Americans are notorious, the world over, for their faulty articulation; and this unwise economy of vocal energy has not only disfigured our language to the ear, but has also given aid and comfort to the so-called reformers of our spelling. If the word *programme*, for instance, is repeatedly heard as *program* (or *progrum*), with strong accent on the first syllable and almost no vowel sound in the second, why, it is asked, should it not be written as it is pronounced? No wonder that our country takes the lead in "spelling reform," having already so effectually divorced the spoken from the written language. Strange and startling are the tricks that mispronunciation plays with spelling. Lamentably common is it to meet with the expression "would of" for "would have" in the correspondence of the careless in speech. The now all but universal use of *will* for *shall* and of *would* for *should* is probably due largely to the greater ease of saying "I will," or "I 'll," "we will," or "we 'll," "I would," or "I 'd," "we would," or "we 'd," than of articulating "I shall," "I should," etc. Thus the evil results of slovenly utterance show themselves in grammar as well as in spelling, and the stately structure of our ancestral tongue is slowly but surely yielding to the insidious assaults of carelessness, abuse, indolence, mistaken zeal in efforts at reform, and other influences. Will a better and more serviceable instrument of communication be evolved in the distant future, through this process, or will the language, by clipping and slurring, be reduced to a system of monosyllabic grunts, helped out by gesture and facial expression? Certain present indications seem almost to warrant the assertion that our speech is passing, as Herbert Spencer might express it, from a relatively definite, coherent heterogeneity to a relatively indefinite, incoherent homogeneity.

* * *

INADEQUATE SECURITY TO MANUSCRIPT COLLECTIONS, as indeed to collections in general, both of books and of paintings and of the miscellaneous treasures gathered together in museums, is far more common than the perfect safeguarding of such collections from the risks of fire and other dangers. The Virginia State Librarian, Mr. H. R. McIlwaine, calls attention, in the "Ninth Annual Report" of the Virginia State Library, to an unsatisfactory condition that he almost succeeded in remedying, but failed by a single vote in the upper legislative chamber at Richmond. Responsible for the custody of a valuable collection of manuscripts, Mr. McIlwaine bestirred himself to secure an appropriation for fireproof quarters. His own account of his fortunes in the attempt is worth quoting. He says: "I regret to report, however, that failure was my portion, though representatives of all the patriotic societies in the State worked for the attainment of the same object. A special bill was drawn up by a committee of the Sons of the Revolution calling for the appropriation of $6000 for this object, and when the advocates of the bill were given a hearing by the Senate Finance Committee a large and cultivated audience of ladies and gentlemen assembled and strong appeals were made. The bill, however, was not reported. Nor was the item included in the appropriation bill as reported to the two houses. In this emergency I was instructed by the executive committee of the Library Board to use my best endeavors to have the item inserted in the bill both on the floor of the Senate and on the floor of the House. In the House my efforts met with success, and they came within one vote of being successful in the Senate, where the proposed amendment to the bill received a vote of twenty. Twenty was a majority of those present, but not a majority of the

total membership of the Senate, which, it was ruled by the chair, the amendment must have in order to carry." And so the Sisyphean task must be renewed with the next General Assembly. The fire at Albany should have taught a lesson to all concerned with State libraries, but there is still a tendency to defer the locking of the garage door till the automobile is stolen.

* * *

PRELIMINARIES TO LITERARY STUDY, the mastering of one's own language and of the rudiments of at least a few foreign tongues, should of course receive attention in the adolescent period, even though one may, like Cato and Mrs. Howe, take a fancy to Greek at a later season in life and pursue its study with relish and profit. The President of Amherst, in a recent utterance on the subject of preparation for college, urges that all merely disciplinary studies should be completed at school. "Whatever acquaintance," he says, "with other languages a student may need in college should be given him during those earlier years when the mind is better adapted to acquiring them. The college should be free to lead the student into the thought and experience of foreign peoples by means of the languages in which the people have expressed themselves. In general, the merely disciplinary studies should be finished in the school. Admission to college should imply that the student already has a mind trained to the intellectual attitude, and which is now to be strengthened, enlarged, and made skilful by activity within the fields for which it was prepared." In this connection it is interesting to note how much longer the period of docility, of teachableness or ability to learn, extends with some persons than with others. Some harden early into a mental rigidity that forbids the attempt to acquire new knowledge, and others are to their dying day like Portia in her youth, happy in this that they are not yet so old but they may learn. Wise and excellent as are the foregoing words of President Meiklejohn, those are fortunate who never outgrow their capability of finding enjoyment and improvement even in disciplinary study, by which are opened new paths of learning.

* * *

BOOK-BUYING AND BOOK-BORROWING are both commendable practices, even though the grave Polonius does counsel his son Laertes to be neither a borrower nor a lender; but that was in the days before lending libraries. Some well-considered advice on what books to buy and what to borrow, in this age when so small a proportion of all the good books published can be bought by any one reader of average means, is contributed to the London "Book Monthly" by a writer signing himself or herself "D. Mere," who names as examples certain old authors and sundry anthologies and other handy compilations that pay handsomely for their lodging and maintenance by the pleasure they confer. But the free use of the lending library, whether public or subscription, is urged upon him who would be wise in both his buying and his borrowing of books. Emerson's adage, that a good book should be kept in circulation, certainly gives countenance to the unabashed borrower of others' books; and if it is not yet a proverb that the fool keepeth his books on his shelves, but the wise man carryeth them in his head, it ought to be and some day will be. Conscious of having all the standard authors in his library, accessible at any moment, many a well-to-do householder never gets beyond a distant acquaintance with the great writers, knowing them merely by sight, that is by binding, whereas if he were forced to go a few blocks for his Macaulay, his Ruskin, or his Thackeray, he might be impelled to read them. And with some, though not with all, it is a matter of conscience to read promptly a borrowed book, and then return it. A strong case could be made out for the inadvisability of owning too many books, and the consequent advisability of frequent and copious borrowing. No sensible man of means keeps all his money in his house, but most of it in the bank. The public library is the wise man's literary bank.

* * *

UNIVERSITY ACTIVITIES IN TEXAS deserve notice. A legislative reference bureau, that useful wing lately added to the public library edifice, has been established by one of the professors at the State University (which, it will be recalled, has its seat at the State capital) for the benefit of the Texas legislators in their drafting of bills and passing of laws. This bureau is an innovation in the Southwest, though not new to the country at large, and cannot fail to prove its usefulness. Another professor has given his expert assistance to the organization of a land-credit banking association, another innovation in that part of the country and possibly of less assured success than the legislative reference bureau, although we are not in a position to speak with authority concerning this. In various other ways the young and vigorous Texas University is widening its activities, and is meeting with corresponding encouragement from the community which it serves. So rapid, in fact, has been its recent growth that it has been compelled to erect temporary wooden buildings for additional classrooms, laboratories, and offices. To secure the permanent buildings so much needed, a legislative provision recently submitted to popular vote authorizes the university to issue bonds on the security of its permanent endowment, the interest and sinking fund to be provided for out of the income from the two million acres of public land which it holds. The Lone Star State bids fair to rival in the near future such States as Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, and Illinois in the size and varied usefulness of its chief educational institution.

* * *

A REMODELLED "JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION" makes its appearance in the new "Harper's Weekly," of which the first number under its new editor, Mr. Norman Hapgood, bears the date, August 16. "Harper's Weekly: A Journal of Civilization" is

now in its fifty-eighth volume and approaching its three thousandth issue; and as civilization is a changeable thing, it is fitting that this, its hebdomadal exponent, should change with it. Its new form, with reduced page-size and altered style of illustration, its various other proposed departures from ancient usage, its enlightened attitude on the woman question, its hopes for success in an earnest appeal to the better class of readers — most of this is touched upon by the editor in his printed "Program" and elsewhere in the attractive first issue under his direction. In matters more especially literary he thus promisingly expresses himself: "In the treatment of books the same plan will be followed. We shall make no effort at reviewing everything, or nearly everything, as we do not care to load the paper with discussions of what has no interest; but we shall be sharply on the watch for books that signify, and shall point out to our readers why we think these particular books ought not to be overlooked. . . . Fiction will appear only as an element in the variety of human interests. We do not wish to push it too much to the front, because we desire to have the paper in its proportions reproduce the interests of the most energetic and important class of Americans. . . . We are not to be a high-brow publication, in the limited sense, but we do not intend to collect a lot of low-brows." The general effect of the new "Weekly" is one of animation, alertness, straightforwardness, searching analysis in criticism and comment, novelty in pictorial illustration, and, throughout, a high degree of readability.

* * *

THEMES FORBIDDEN THE BRITISH STAGE have commonly included biblical subjects and those otherwise of a sacred or religious character, and, of course, the royal family. Nevertheless it appears that Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree is now to be allowed to place Joseph and his brethren in the glare of the footlights. A compatriot of his who has suffered from the strictness of official censorship is reported as exulting in this unhoped-for victory of the drama over the censor. "This is a clever managerial *coup d'état*," declares Mr. Stephen Phillips, "and he has now once and for all 'drawn the badger,' which can never again retreat into its hole. Henceforward, unless the Censorship should prove itself even more illogical than in the past, the great field of Old Testament history lies open to the poet, a field not less fertile than the Greek." This recalls Mr. Phillips's clash with the constituted authorities when he undertook to dramatise the story of Jephthah's daughter and was forced to shift his scene to Greece and name his heroine Iole; and although the Hebrew legend has its close parallels in Greek — as in the story of Idomeneus, king of Crete, and in that of Agamemnon and Iphigenia — he lamented the hard necessity imposed upon him. Jephthah, however, is no stranger to the stage, and must have been often seen by theatre-goers in the past. Brewer's "Reader's Handbook" gives a number of English plays on the theme.

THE INCOHERENT LETTER-WRITER is known to us all. His, or more often her, serene disregard of syntax, and sometimes of grammar as well, together with a restraint in the use of punctuation-marks that verges on total abstinence, would be amusing if it were not for the resultant unintelligibility of what is written. In a contribution to "The Outlook" from Mr. Edward Bok, on the question, "Is the College Making Good?" there are given some surprising examples of epistolary composition from the pens of young ladies on the point of graduation from college, with fifteen or sixteen years of school training behind them. To the question, what the college has done for her, physically, socially, and intellectually, one of these near-graduates replies, in part: "For in college we have *societies* and houses *to keep in order*. We have dinners and *parties* to superintend and *cook* and all for fun." Is there some subtle design in the chiastic arrangement, "dinner and parties to superintend and cook"? Another young lady writes: "She uses her brain in other words. And finally I think most of *them* have won a vision at least of what *marraige* may mean. College brings out the best that is in *one*, it makes *us* stand up for the best and noblest things in life and *developes* all our faculties." Such examples of what American education can do for the American young woman give us pause.

* * *

A FAMOUS AUTHOR'S NURSE becomes an object of public interest when she has been immortalized by that author's pen. Miss Alison Cunningham, who recently died at the good old age of ninety-two, was noted for her inexhaustible fund of tales and legends, which she drew upon freely for the amusement of her frail little charge, the infant Robert Louis Stevenson; and he repaid her loving care and patient tendance with a lifelong affection and esteem. To him she was always the "Cummy" of his lisping childhood, and he has left written evidence of his attachment in both prose and verse. A letter addressed to her in his youth contains the following significant passage: "Do not suppose, Cummy, that I shall ever forget those long, bitter nights, when I coughed and coughed, and was so unhappy, and you were so patient and loving with a poor, sick child. Indeed, Cummy, I wish I might become a man worth talking about, if it were only that you should not have thrown away your pains." Touching and beautiful are the dedicatory lines, "To Alison Cunningham, from her Boy," prefixed to "A Child's Garden of Verses."

* * *

THE GROWTH OF THE INTER-LIBRARY LOAN SYSTEM proceeds with encouraging acceleration. At the Williams College Library, for instance, where we remember an order of things in which coöperative action extending beyond the college precincts was unknown, the literary resources of other institutions are now freely drawn upon, and similar loans are made to them. The librarian, Mr. John

Adams Lowe, writes in his annual report, just issued: "The courtesy of inter-library loans brought for the use of professors twenty-seven books from Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and Boston. Recently the resources of the New York State Library have been re-opened to us, for two hundred thousand volumes have been gathered since the fire two years ago. We have taken pleasure in response to requests from libraries to loan sixty-seven volumes for study purposes. We deem it a privilege if we may render some service to the Commonwealth by extending the courtesies of the library to those whose limited funds prohibit the purchase of books already on our shelves. Probably the most important contribution we were able to make in this line this year was the loan of the manuscript letters of Jean Paul Richter to Wilhelmine von Kropf to Yale University Library for the use of the German exchange professor, who is a co-editor of a new edition of Richter's works."

LITERARY INCOMES IN ENGLAND.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

About once a year one of the London papers opens its columns to the fascinating subject of authors' incomes. Usually this takes place on the publication of a novel by Miss Marie Corelli or Mr. Hall Caine — the two writers who are commonly regarded as the commercial heads of the great profession which they have adorned so long. Indeed, it is not a little remarkable to note how regularly each new book of theirs is the signal for a column or more of information as to the habits, recreations, sorrows, or profits of a class that is permitted to work unobtrusively enough during the rest of the year. The publication of a new novel by Mr. Caine or Miss Corelli is, of course, a Literary Event, likely in itself to stimulate discussion on literary subjects in general. But it commonly happens, by some curious chance, that some untoward accident takes place, either just before or immediately after its appearance, which has the effect of focussing public attention on the author. Miss Corelli has a quarrel with the critics, and refuses to permit copies of her book to be sent out for review; Mr. Caine is justifiably annoyed at finding the circulating libraries have placed a black mark against his name as a purveyor of literature unsuitable for the eye of the Young Person. Forthwith appear letters, interviews, leading articles on one side and the other; when the novel is at last safely launched the struggling journalist, feeling that literary subjects are still in the air, bethinks himself of floating off one or two of those informative articles that have been lying idle in his desk since the last suitable occasion. "Literature as a Road to Wealth" appears accordingly in one of the cheaper morning papers, offering a text on which it may be interesting to say a few words out of the fulness of personal experience.

It is calculated by the writer of the article that a moderately successful novelist in this country can make money at the rate of ten pounds an hour of his working time. A man of established reputation receives twenty to twenty-five per cent royalty on the published price of his book; a sale of ten thousand copies would therefore bring in to the fortunate author of a six shilling novel the reasonable sum of seven hundred and fifty pounds. Add to this another five hundred for serial rights, and assume that the ordinary successful novel has a selling life of ten years after publication, and the sum is worked up to quite a respectable figure. And then there are the dramatic rights, and (though they are not mentioned in this article) the cinematographic rights, to say nothing of translation. I forget into how many languages Mr. Caine's latest work has already been translated, but I think I counted fourteen, including Japanese and Yiddish. We come at last to the conclusion that Miss Corelli must have made twenty thousand pounds at least from each of her novels, and that Mr. Caine has certainly made much more than this. Clearly, from the commercial point of view, the career of a successful novelist, even if he restricts himself to the production of only one book a year, compares favorably with most of the learned professions.

I do not trust implicitly the calculations of the intrepid journalist on matters of this kind. But he is probably correct enough when he states that there are barely ten novelists in this country who earn more than five thousand pounds a year from fiction alone. The names that he gives (somewhat rashly, for it is quite as easy to confine oneself to general statements) of these happy plutocrats of letters are as follows: Caine, Wells, Garvice, Stacpoole, Conan Doyle, Kipling, Miss Corelli, and Mrs. Humphry Ward. I confess the introduction of Mr. de Vere Stacpoole's name surprised me. No doubt it is a compliment to be included in a list of this kind, but I am expecting some of these gentlemen to write letters of protest and renunciation: the honor may be all very well, but the attentions of the Income Tax Assessors are not so pleasant. And an average income of twenty-five thousand dollars a year, from fiction alone, means a large number of readers in these days of circulating libraries, when there are a dozen or more borrowing readers for a single buyer. The late George Meredith, I believe, never received so much as a thousand pounds in any one year of his lifetime from the sale of his novels. He wrote for posterity; but many of those who aim steadfastly at an immediate popularity fail to reach his modest figures. The writer in the London "Daily Express" from whose article I am quoting declares roundly that not more than fifty living British novelists make an average income of five thousand dollars.

The fact is, that of late years every change that has been made in the world of publishing and bookselling has been in favor of the few big sellers and against the author with a small, if select, audience. The cheap sixpenny and sevenpenny editions of recent novels are all to the good of the popular writer: they give his book another lease of life, and himself another set of royalties; more than this, they assist in spreading his name and fame among a class of readers whom he had not reached before. But these cheap novels, excellently produced as they are, and eagerly welcomed by the railway traveller and the lover of fiction who cannot afford to buy crown octavo volumes at six shillings apiece, get sadly in the way of the less successful novelist who is accustomed to receive his fifty or a hundred pounds in advance of royalties. The latter finds the sales of his six shilling novels dwindling year by year. Five or six years ago he used to sell something between two and three thousand copies; now he finds his sales have decreased to fifteen or sixteen hundred. He does not retire from the business, because, perhaps, he is one of those who write from the point of view of the artist. He feels an impulse to express himself through this

medium. And if he is a true artist, as sometimes he is, there is probably somewhere a certain little ring of readers who appreciate his work and would be sorry to lose him. But it is becoming a serious matter to him, this steady cheapening of fiction. I have often wondered how some of our great novelists would have survived had they been born in the age of reprints. Meredith himself was fortunate enough to produce most of his fiction under the old system of the three-volume novel, — a system that ensured some monetary return for good though not necessarily popular work. If a new Meredith were to arise to-day it is not unlikely that the publishers would get tired of producing his books at a loss before he had succeeded in educating a sufficient section of the reading public into a suitable appreciation of his genius.

Several causes have conspired of late to chill the enthusiasm of those gallant readers who used to lay out their money in new fiction at six shillings (four shillings and sixpence net) per volume. He (or she, for the great novel-readers have generally been the women) used to buy them on the bookstalls when they were setting out on a railway journey; they sometimes were known to go into a book-shop and order as many as a score at a time if they were going abroad or up to Scotland for the shooting season. Now, instead of travelling by rail, they are whirled away in their motor-cars, where reading is a vexation of the spirit if not a frank impossibility. Indeed, these motor-cars, and the growth of the week-end habit, have pretty nearly killed the gentle practice of novel-reading among the wealthier classes. The bulk of readers now are drawn from a different stratum of society altogether — from the finished products of the primary schools. Coming fresh into the field of fiction, it is only to be expected that their taste should at first be for the simple and straightforward story of incident and adventure rather than for the more subtle school of character-analysis. The servants' hall and the parlor of the small tradesman absorb the great majority of the cheap sixpenny editions that go to build up these incomes of five thousand a year. Possibly in time their taste will develop: they may turn to the novels of Mr. Arnold Bennett or of Mr. John Galsworthy. It seems to me sometimes that in the wealthier classes of our society there is less reading of any kind every year.

There are, of course, other fields of literary activity than this of fiction. One of the most popular forms of recent years has been the semi-historical monograph, in which the writer takes some personage of importance in literary or other circles fifty or a hundred years ago, and rewrites the story of his life, paying generally particular attention to those more human elements in his character which the old-fashioned official biographer was content to leave in the background. Some writers, as, for example, Mr. Francis Gribble, have established a reputation for work of this kind: their happy hunting-ground lies among the love affairs of the not too distant past; they range from the shadowy (and shady) history of Catherine of Russia to that of the late Lord Byron. Mr. Gribble himself is perhaps the chief of his industrious tribe; he possesses a pleasing and caustic wit, and can conduct a *post mortem* on a desiccated heart as well as any man alive. I do not know that I have much personal predilection for books of this type, occupying as they do a position midway between historical documents and the *chronique scandaleuse*. But from the commercial point of view they do well. Handsomely printed and adorned with a few photogravures from old pictures, they are sold to the libraries at fifteen shillings or a guinea net, and the more successful specimens bring in as much as three hundred pounds apiece to their fortunate authors. It is a sort of work that demands a certain amount of research: the writer must know the most likely quarries for his material.

More serious biographies, even in recent years, when good biographies have not been too common, have still produced respectable rates of pay. Lord Morley is said to have received ten thousand pounds for his Life of Gladstone; Mr. Winston Churchill, our present First Lord of the Admiralty, had eight thousand and a share of the publishers' profits for the biography of his father, the late Lord Randolph Churchill. These prices compare not unfavorably with the cheque for £20,000 which Lord Macaulay received for his History of England, — a sum of money which marked an epoch in the history of literature.

The Minor Poet has always been the Cinderella of the literary family. But now and again, at intervals of ten or twenty years, there seems to sweep over the country a wave of poetic feeling: thin volumes of verse, tastefully printed, begin to appear and — what is far more remarkable — to be bought; while the critics take on an unwonted vein of appreciation and gravely discuss the prospect of some of these young men reaching their (poetic) majority. There are actually one or two poets at the present moment who have attained to a certain sale. Mr. Alfred Noyes is one, Mr. John Masefield another; these stand out from a goodly host of smaller fry. And we possess in England to-day an unusually large number of capable writers of light verse, of whom Mr. Owen Seaman, editor of "Punch," may be regarded as the chief. These merry jesters find a more ready market for their wares than their more serious brethren. Indeed, we live in an age which takes nothing more seriously than it can help. Great poets have seldom an acute sense of humor. If they had, it is probable that they would not write great poetry: they would be tempted to turn round occasionally and laugh at themselves and their rivals, — a practice that makes the reading public nervous and distrustful. The man with a reputation as a comedian needs not to consider his dignity: he laughs at everything, and the daily papers accept his jests with gratitude and at a reasonable rate of pay. I see it stated in the article from which I quoted above that really happy light verse is paid for at the rate of a shilling a word. I think the writer must have meant a shilling a line, but perhaps he had in mind some veritable lion of the profession. Sixpence a line is the ordinary rate for good light verse in most of our papers at the present time. It may not sound very much, but it forms a very useful addition to the incomes of young and struggling apprentices to literature who have not yet reached the Olympian heights of the big seller.

E. H. Lacon Watson.

London, August 20, 1913.

Katharine Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson) is preparing a volume of reminiscences, which will shortly be published. Another well-known Irish writer who has been writing reminiscences is Lady Gregory, whose "Our Irish Theatre: A Chapter of Reminiscences" is in the hands of Messrs. Putnam. Lady Gregory's associates in the Irish literary movement have been a picturesque and varied lot, and her book is sure to be interesting reading.

The New Books.

A Victorian Statesman and Reformer.*

The great orator and statesman, parliamentarian and reformer, humanitarian and free-trader, whose life Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan presents in an ample volume of attractive appearance, is one of those characters that appeal unfailingly to the human nature in us all, and that we cannot read about or hear about too often. Sentences and phrases from John Bright's many public speeches have obtained currency by reason of their homely wisdom and epigrammatic force. "A free breakfast table" is as familiar to advocates of unrestricted trade between nations as is "the full dinner-pail" to those who profess to believe that the working man's welfare depends on a protective tariff. "You cannot get twenty wagons at once through Temple Bar," is remembered as the apophthegmatic utterance of the member for Birmingham in withdrawing one bill in order to facilitate the passage of another. "Force is not a remedy," he declared with reference to certain disturbances in Ireland.

A glance at the list of previous Bright biographies shows that there is abundant room for such a work as Mr. Trevelyan's. The great work of Mr. George Barnett Smith, "The Life and Speeches of the Right Honourable John Bright, M.P.," in two substantial volumes, was issued eight years before Bright's death and confines itself almost entirely to the political and historical aspects of its subject, with but the briefest reference to the private life and personal characteristics of the picturesquely interesting Quaker manufacturer and orator. Other and more recent biographies are but short monographs or designedly inexhaustive treatments of the theme, and the ample collections of Bright's formal speeches and public letters that have been issued do not go far toward supplying the need of a full and intimate biography. The present endeavor in that direction does indeed result in the portrayal of a man who seems always to have been before the public and to have spent the best of himself in parliamentary activity, rather than of one with a rich and significant personal history that the reader would fain become acquainted with; but we do get more of the man John Bright in Mr. Trevelyan's pages than most of us already know. The biographer's warm interest in his theme and the facilities afforded him for its adequate treatment are indicated in these opening sentences of his preface:

"The pleasure of writing a biography is dependent on three things: the sympathy of the biographer for his subject; the interest of the new material which he has to handle; and his relations to those who have honoured him by trusting to him the memory they revere. In all three respects I have been most fortunate, and wish to express my gratitude to the family and relations of John Bright, who have smoothed the path for me by forbearance, by encouragement, and by much active help."

Entering his father's business of cotton-spinning, at Rochdale in Lancashire, when he was fifteen years old and had had seven or eight years of schooling in various educational establishments of the Friends, John Bright continued the training of his mind by reading history and poetry, and by studying and debating the political questions of the day. A room in the upper story of his father's counting-house, as he has recorded, he fitted up as a study, and there he "often read a good deal before breakfast and was undisturbed." No strict conformity to Quaker rules was insisted upon in the family, and in the outside world the young man showed a pliancy and adaptability, in externals and non-essentials, that facilitated his rise to prominence in public life. In his thirty-fourth year we find him dropping the Quaker forms in his correspondence, except with Friends. Of his environment and his interests in early manhood we read:

"Throughout the 'thirties the absorbing passion of these brothers and sisters was neither religion nor business, still less the forbidden dances and pleasures of the world, but politics. Preoccupation with affairs of State was then very uncommon among Friends; many were studiously neutral, many patiently Conservative, and many, like old Jacob Bright, were strong but quiet Liberals, neither speculative nor active in such matters. Ever since the death of Penn, the sect had avoided politics as being more beset with worldly snares for the children of light than the common business transactions in which so many of them managed to thrive without endangering their principles. Such seclusion from public life had been natural in former times, when power was monopolised by the landlord class and by the adherents of the State Church, but in the new and more liberal age now dawning, a closer relation to politics was to be expected in people so actively philanthropic as the Quakers. . . . As the years went on, and drew John Bright deeper and deeper into a merely political life, these worldly entanglements evoked, as we shall see, much criticism from the older and more religious members of his society, including some who loved him best. But prior to his marriage in 1839 his interest in politics met with no such discouragement, for the family of which he was already the real leader was self-sufficing and saw relatively little of other Friends. The Meeting

*The Life of John Bright. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

at Rochdale was neither large nor remarkable, and the Brights of Greenbank were a law unto themselves."

Thus, with his increasing absorption in public affairs, the significance of John Bright's life, as his biographer observes, "derives from 'the condition of England question,' as Carlyle in 1840 dolefully called it, and in particular from those parts of the question with which Bright concerned himself as an agitator—the landlord power, the Corn Laws, and the franchise." Although Bright's name and that of his famous co-worker and close friend, Richard Cobden, are deservedly associated with the anti-Corn Law agitation that eventually gave untaxed wheat and other cereals to the starving poor whose cause the two men had so warmly espoused, neither of them was, as a matter of fact, among the original founders of the Anti-Corn Law Association (organized at Manchester in 1838) which soon changed its name and became famous as the National Anti-Corn Law League. But Bright's name was in a short time added to the "Provisional Committee"—actually a few days before Cobden's, Mr. Trevelyan says. Jacob Bright, John's father, pledged himself for fifty pounds on the first of those noted subscription lists that were to play so prominent a part in overthrowing the landed oligarchy; and the son started a Rochdale Anti-Corn Law Association, chiefly of working men, and could boast of a petition "for a total, immediate repeal of the accursed corn-laws," with nine thousand seven hundred signatures, or those of "almost every male adult of the town." Such were the beginnings of the movement that seven years later resulted so fortunately for the nation's subsequent prosperity.

About this time came the romance of the young reformer's life,—his courtship of Elizabeth Priestman, described by Mr. Trevelyan as of lively and open disposition, almost worshipped by the members of her family, and possessed of qualities that would have insured her playing an important part in her husband's life if she had lived. But she left John Bright a heart-broken widower less than two years after their wedding day. His second marriage, six years later, to Margaret Elizabeth Leatham, who "had inherited from her father a considerable portion," which, "at a time when the Rochdale business was a very lean affair, was a valuable help to her husband," does not picture itself in the roseate tints of the first love affair. But the well-portioned wife presented her husband, first and last, with seven pledges of her affection, and is said to have taken "a constant and sympathetic interest" in his work. She died in 1878, eleven years before Bright breathed his last at the age of seventy-seven. One daughter by the first wife should be named in giving the number of his children.

Mr. Trevelyan's famous kinsman, Macaulay, appears on the scene more than once, and not always in the most becoming of attitudes. For instance, after the Whig statesman had "incensed the Leaguers because, while declaring himself a Free Trader, he urged the League to join hands with the Whigs on the fixed duty compromise, which he himself regarded, not as the best, but as the best that would be practicable for years to come," we find Bright writing to a friend:

"Doubtless the Whigs hate us — nobody denies it — and yet what can be done that is not done? Most of their hatred is laid to the charge of the Leaguers of Edinbro' because they bothered Craig and Macaulay, and yet I can see no wrong you did to goad on the shufflers. Macaulay came into the House the night of the Corn Law debate and laid [*sic*] down on a bench up in the gallery not far from the entrance into the Library and slept or appeared to sleep there I believe for hours—the front Whig bench was wholly unoccupied during the whole night, and the whole question was treated by the Whigs and by Macaulay among the rest with the utmost contempt — and doubtless his vote was only secured by your compulsion."

Bright's position in regard to legal restriction of the hours of labor is made plain by his biographer, who insists that the great reformer never opposed the passing of laws to protect child workers from the cruelties of unfeeling task-masters, though in general he deprecated legislative interference between contracting parties, and "looked instead for an improvement of hours and conditions by agreement between the employers on one side and adults of both sexes on the other." This confidence in the kindliness and fairness of employers and in the bargaining ability of the employed was characteristic of a benevolent manufacturer so wholly free from evil intent himself.

With a parting glimpse of John Bright in his home and among his friends we will here take leave of him.

"The life and conversation of which he was the centre at home or in the larger world was always simple in greatness, and truth was its keynote. He eschewed the small conventional falsehoods of which the rest of us are often guilty. He never strove to seem more friendly or more clever or better informed than he really was. If he did not know something, he would ask, without an attempt to hide his ignorance. If he did not like his interlocutor, the fact was usually apparent. . . . The interest of his conversation, apart from the terse vigour of his language, his humour, and his good stories, arose from the fact that he never said more and seldom less

than the whole of what he thought about any subject or any person."

The Oxford philosopher, T. H. Green, has called him "a great 'brick,'" and "simple as a boy, full of fun, with a very pleasant flow of conversation and lots of good stories." Caroline Fox, in her "Journals" speaks admiringly of his varied conversation and unreserved manner; "and then there is such downright manliness in the whole nature of the man, which is refreshing in this rather feeble age." These and other testimonials to the charm of his personality are to be found in the biography.

Scholarly in its design and painstaking in its execution, rich in pertinent quotations from Bright's speeches and letters, well illustrated and carefully indexed, the book is about all that could be asked for in a biography of the Quaker statesman; and the debt that America owes him for stoutly upholding the cause of the Union when other prominent Englishmen were expressing sympathy with secession should give added interest to Mr. Trevelyan's work on this side of the Atlantic.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

THE BACONIAN HERESY.*

What is the Baconian theory? "Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish,"—but the quotation is hackneyed. Ignatius Donnelly, besides claiming Shakespeare for Lord Bacon, says: "Either Francis Bacon wrote the Essays of Montaigne, or Francis Bacon stole the whole scheme of his philosophy from Montaigne." This dictum is accepted by Sir Durning-Lawrence, who also ascribes Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" to Bacon. Mr. R. M. Theobald declares that Bacon wrote Marlowe; Mr. Parker Woodward that he wrote Nashe. Other Baconians have given the greater part of Elizabethan literature to Bacon. Mr. Castle says the plays were written by Shakespeare, assisted by a lawyer—probably Lord Bacon. Mr. G. G. Greenwood prefers to attribute them to a Great Unknown, a lawyer, but not Lord Bacon. In a recently published book, Judge Stotesenburg gives them to a syndicate including Drayton, Dekker, Heywood, Webster, Middleton, and Porter, Bacon acting as a reviser and polisher of the joint performance. But this is not all. After the Baconians have gone to so much trouble and expense of spirit, Professor Celestin Demblon, of Brussels, coolly steals all their thunder and wreathes the lightning crown of Shakespearean authorship about the head of Roger Manners, Earl of Rutland. The thing has become a screaming farce. Mr. Robertson, author of "The Baconian Heresy," does not despair of seeing Queen Elizabeth, who was a good classical scholar and must have known considerable law, championed as the true, Simon Pure poet of the plays. Probably a school of critics will arise in the future who can only see in the galaxy of the Virgin Queen and her mighty counsellors and starry poets, a myth, the forgery and coinage of some after poet's brain, like King Arthur and his Table Round, or Chatterton's circle of Bristowe worthies.

Perhaps it might be well to let the Baconians mutually destroy themselves. Largely this is what has been done. Scholars have stood aside in amazement, disgust, and indignation. The Baconian books have been many and ponderous, from those of W. Henry Smith and Delia Bacon, the two "only begetters" of the craze, through Judge Nathaniel Holmes, Mr. Donnelly, the two Theobalds, Senator Davis, down to Judge Stotesenburg, with others too numerous to name. The Shakespearean side has been represented by very able men,—Grant White, Edward Dowden, Mr. Devecmon, Churton Collins, and Andrew Lang; but, with the exception of the last-named, the attention they have given the matter has been brief, special, or by the way. Now, however, Mr. J. M. Robertson, who has already distinguished himself in Shakespearean criticism, comes forward with a book compared with which all preceding Shakespearean handling of the matter is as a spread of appetizers to a banquet of seventeen courses.

It is not an easy book to review. Mr. Robertson's own part is written with uncommon vigor and wit, but probably half of the six hundred pages is a serried mass of quoted lines and words and parallel passages. We shall be reduced to statistics to give some idea of the length, breadth, depth, and all-satisfying completeness of its refutation of the most singular delusion of modern times.

Nothing has done more to give color to and obtain credence for the Baconian theory than the asserted legal learning in the plays. Mr. Robertson shows that the law court was to the Tudor age almost what the newspaper is to-day,—a source of general entertainment, a thing of universal interest. And not only did the people at large like to hear law cases, but they entered into them on the slightest provocation. Shakespeare's father was one of the most litigious of

*THE BACONIAN HERESY: A Confutation. By John M. Robertson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

men. He was concerned in one way or another in sixty-seven cases. Shakespeare himself, with his property interests, unquestionably had much experience of law.

The frantic prepossession of the Baconians as to the extent of legal knowledge in the Shakespearean work is based on Lord Campbell's examination and judgment in the matter. He was not a Baconian, and his brief was written to substantiate the idea that Shakespeare might have been an attorney's clerk in his youth, an idea which we believe is probable but which his Lordship winds up by deeming doubtful. He declares that in fourteen of the thirty-seven dramas attributed to Shakespeare there is no trace of legal learning. As a matter of curiosity, we abridge from Mr. Robertson a list of the number of law references in the other plays. "Macbeth" 1, "Merry Wives of Windsor" 3, "Measure for Measure" 3, "Comedy of Errors" 2, "As You Like It" 5, "Troilus and Cressida" 2, "Much Ado About Nothing" 1, "Love's Labor Lost" 1, "Midsummer's Night's Dream" 1, "Merchant of Venice" 5, "Taming of the Shrew" 3, "All's Well That Ends Well" 1, "Winter's Tale" 2, "King John" 1, "Henry VI." 3, "Henry IV." 4, "Lear" 4, "Hamlet" 4, "Othello" 5, "Antony and Cleopatra" 1, "Coriolanus" 1, "Romeo and Juliet" 1. With some twenty law phrases which occur in the Sonnets, there is a total of about fourscore examples of legal phraseology and usage.

The works of all the contemporary dramatists,— Greene, Nash, Dekker, Peele, Massinger, Heywood, Chapman, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, — are strown thick with law words and law matter. In Lyly's "Mother Bombie" there are thirty law references. In Massinger's "City Madam" there are six, and in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" thirteen. In Webster's "The Devil's Law Case" there are about thirty-five distinct legal phrases and references; in his "Appius and Virginia" twenty-six. Ben Jonson's "Epicæne" has nine; his "Devil Is an Ass" eleven; and his "Magnetic Lady" forty. In all Ben Jonson's works there is probably four or five times as much law as in all Shakespeare's. None of the dramatists named is known to have been a lawyer; nor were earlier writers such as William Langland, Chaucer, Spenser, and Latimer, who use legal terms glibly enough. Many of the Elizabethan playwrights show a special fondness for trials and scenes in court. Three of Webster's plays turn on formal law trials; and Ben Jonson has a number of them. Most of these are more realistic, nearer to actual procedure, than Shakespeare's idealized effects in that sort, which reach a sublime height of indifference to true legality in the court scene of "The Merchant of Venice." Mr. Robertson gives an amusing exposure of the legal falsity of this scene; but we think he hardly goes far enough. In the first place, Shylock's case would at any time have been thrown out of any court in Christendom. It was plainly murder, and no court or State would have authorized it. But if the bond had been allowed, then Portia's quibbles would have gone for nothing. A principle carries its consequences with it; and even if flesh and blood are not one and indissoluble, Shylock was entitled to any means necessary to get his forfeit. Nor is there any reason why he should have been compelled to take his pound of flesh at one stroke. He could have taken less, or cut and come again, until he got the exact amount. Mr. Robertson notices the theory which considers Portia in the light of an Italian podestà; but surely no podestà or English referee ever acted as attorney for the defence, judge, and jury all at once.

The legal phraseology in the Shakespearean Sonnets is on a little different footing from that in the plays. In 1593 were published Barnes's Sonnets. Their similarity to Shakespeare's in many respects is remarkable, and it is difficult to believe that the latter did not read and imitate them. Barnes was a protégé of the Earl of Southampton, as was Shakespeare. His sonnets are loaded with legal diction to an extent far surpassing those of Shakespeare.

One more point may be noted in this legal controversy. Richard Grant White, the most absolute scorner of the Baconian doctrine, nevertheless swallowed whole Lord Campbell's thesis as to Shakespeare's legal knowledge, and backed it up by some examples of his own. The chief of these is the Shakespearean use of the word "purchase," implying all means of obtaining property save that by inheritance. Mr. Robertson shows that this was the primary and usual meaning, and gives 135 quotations from English writers, from William Langland to Beaumont and Fletcher, in evidence. He grows weary of demonstrating by piled-up proof that Shakespeare's usage of legal or quasi-legal words was on all fours with that of practically every other author of his age.

The classical erudition of Shakespeare is the next matter which engages Mr. Robertson's attention. What air and water were to the physical life of the Tudor times, classical knowl-

edge (often, indeed, intermixed with mediæval matter) was to its intellectual existence. After the revival of learning, all Europe was saturated with the classical spirit. Particularly no one could begin poet without a stock of myths, legends, commonplaces, drawn from classical antiquity. Without giving Shakespeare the benefit of any Latin School training at Stratford, or the "little Latin and less Greek" of Ben Jonson, it can be shown, as Dr. Farmer proved to the satisfaction of his generation, that practically all the instances of classical learning in his works can be traced to English sources. The contrary thesis, however, has been revived in recent times by two strongly anti-Baconian scholars,—Professor Fiske and Professor Churton Collins. Mr. Robertson's demonstration of their error is as complete and brilliant as need be. Lord Penzance, who is the Baconian champion of their view, attached great weight to the opinion of Mr. Donnelly. Now Mr. Donnelly had no classical scholarship whatever. Dr. Theobald also follows Mr. Donnelly, and Mr. Robertson examines minutely the twenty-one examples of classic scholarship given by him. All of them are phrases, maxims, or references to myths which are to be found in English sources anterior to Shakespeare. A book called "The Classical Element in Shakespeare" by another Theobald, a cousin of the former, is also examined, and the sixty-four instances are similarly shown to be in wide use by previous English writers.

In the matter of classical vocabulary, Mr. Robertson, quoting mainly from Judge Willis, gives an examination of 223 words alleged to show classical scholarship. As usual, previous English usage is shown for practically all of them.

Coincidences of expression between Shakespeare and Bacon have been weapons most bravely brandished by the Baconians. Mr. Donnelly is amazed to find that such strange words as "quintessence," "eternize," "gravelled" are used by both writers. Nay, words like "mortal," "ape," "infinite," "scour," "fantastical" are common to both; as are metaphors about the sea, ocean, scum, dregs, clouds. It would be hard to find any writing where these are not common. Mr. Robertson gives many pages of quotations from other Tudor authors, where the expressions and ideas which amaze Mr. Donnelly and Dr. Theobald are existent.

Owing to the lack of a concordance to Bacon's works it is impossible accurately to estimate the number of words used by him, or how they differ from Shakespeare's vocabulary. But Mr. Robertson gives some partial lists which seem to show that the two vocabularies do vary greatly, as is but natural from their subject-matter, and that Bacon's is the larger of the two.

The author of the plays shows practically no sign of Bacon's predominant interest in science. He was no fulminator against atheism, no zealous flatterer of King James, no striver against scholasticism. There are but a few scraps of Latin in the plays, whereas in Bacon for many pages together Latin occurs continually and classical scholarship is predominant. Bacon spoke more than once in dispraise of stage plays, and the only kind of theatrical work he seemed to care for was the didactic. Acting as Commissioner for Suits, Bacon declared against a petition of the King's Players, Shakespeare's company.

In his comparison between the style, the manner of expression, of the two writers, Mr. Robertson opens up a new vein, one which we are surprised has not been worked before. What he says of Shakespeare's verse is fine and just. Shakespeare is the king of poetic rhythm, and he does with blank verse more than any succeeding poet has been able to do with the aid of rhyme and varied metres. His cæsura flies from syllable to syllable, as the foam leaps from crest to crest to call the incoming billows to follow its plumed onset. Take only two lines for example, those of Coriolanus,—

> "That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
> Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli."

Note how the huddling rush of the first nine syllables is followed by the proud pause of the tenth, and then by the wavering motion of the second line, which answers in sound to the image. To compare such versification with the scant efforts of Bacon's wooden Muse is foolish. It is in their prose that we get the measure of their difference. Bacon's prose is static, Shakespeare's dynamic. Bacon's is bewigged, beruffled, formal, and ceremonious; Shakespeare's is naked, lithe, as free in movement as a Greek athlete. For once we must part company with Mr. Robertson when he gives the superior meed of praise to formal, to so-called periodic, prose. And we must challenge his judgment when he declares that poets are not good prose writers. They are the best. Instinctively they put as wide a separation as they can between poetry and prose. They know that poetry is an expression of passion and exalted moods, and that music in all the meaning of that word—ordered movement, harmony, correspondence of rhythm

and sound — belongs to it and to it alone. They know that prose is the expression of ordinary life, that its norm is the colloquial. And they write or try to write a prose which, however brilliant and glittering it may be in its ideas and images, is yet as easy as an old shoe. In our language Shakespeare is the golden master of this prose style. Congreve is a near rival, and Dryden, Gray, Goldsmith, and Sheridan are great practitioners of it. After the eclipse of this style by the stuffed and stiff Johnsonian sentence, Hazlitt revived it, and from him derive all our later masters of light and easy prose, — Macaulay, Dickens, Arnold, Bagehot, Stevenson, Birrell, and the rest. That easy, racy, idiomatic colloquial prose is the central prose we hold to be axiomatic; but it does not follow that the other kind, the prose which tries to approximate to poetry, is bad. Only it is off the track, or trying to run on two lines at once. Of this style Bacon is by no means the supreme master that Shakespeare is in his. He has been far surpassed by later writers, — by Jeremy Taylor, Milton, De Quincey, and Ruskin.

So far in his book Mr. Robertson has been accumulating evidence, but in his final chapter he turns to argument and discusses all the probabilities of the case. Other writers have preceded him here; and though he handles the matter with great skill, so that almost any one of the points he presents is enough to carry conviction, yet the chief value of the book is in the original investigations of which we have tried to give a brief account in the foregoing review.

In his preface Mr. Robertson makes a plea for charity and courtesy for the erring Baconians. Yet, as he proceeds, their colossal ignorance and ineptitude for logic move him more and more to wrath, until he uses as strong expressions as we who are unregenerate could desire. It was an accusation against the old English witches that they removed the boundaries of people's property at night, — a most irritating proceeding. To wake up in the morning and find that landmarks had been changed and woods and pastures which were in one manor or parish were now included in another, must have been destructive of all social continuity. The Baconians have essayed a like necromancy in the intellectual world. As the Shakespeareans do not call out for their punishment by the stake, the boiling cauldron, or the ducking pond, a few verbal ebullitions may surely be pardoned. CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

AN ARTIST IN THE SOUTH SEAS.*

By temperament and education John La Farge was peculiarly qualified to appreciate and enjoy the charm of the South Sea Islands. Not only was he keenly sensitive to the beauty of the tropical scenery and of the rhythmic movements of the natives, whether dancing for his entertainment or following their ordinary avocations, but his remarkable freedom from race prejudice enabled him to meet these peoples with sympathetic understanding, to win their regard and to make many friends among them. Withal their leisurely ways appealed to him; for, though always a hard worker, he was one who never liked to do anything in haste.

The visit to the South Seas which he made in company with Mr. Henry Adams in 1890 and 1891 was of nearly a year's duration. It was a year filled with many and rare delights. Some hardships there were, for Mr. La Farge had not fully recovered his strength after a long and serious illness, and the fêtes given in his honor were not infrequently protracted until they became for him extremely fatiguing. But aside from this and a few other minor drawbacks, none of which really interfered with his enjoyment, the experience was an enchanting one from start to finish. Nor was the impression made upon him by what he saw a fleeting one. Years after his return he was fond of talking for hours about the islands and their peoples. They had always fascinated him from the time when, as a boy, he had eagerly read the narratives of Cook, Bougainville, and Wallis, and had revelled in the tales of Melville and Stoddard.

The record of this year of travel is in part made up from the diary kept by Mr. La Farge with a view to its publication, and partly from his letters to his son, Mr. Bancel La Farge. In his friend Mr. Henry Adams he had a thoroughly congenial companion. Both were content to journey in the most leisurely manner. And the reader who is content to read without hurrying, and to linger over the pages of this book, will find it most engaging. It is not merely a book of travel. It is that and something more. The style is contemplative rather than descriptive. There is much thoughtful comment upon the things seen, and much illuminating information. And there is rich treasure in curious tales and legends, all of them entertaining, and some, like "The Story of the Fish Hook War," highly amusing. A number of these tales were related

*REMINISCENCES OF THE SOUTH SEAS. By John La Farge. Illustrated in color, etc., by the author. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

to Mr. La Farge and Mr. Adams by Queen Marau of Tahiti. This old lady, the head of the ancient house of the Tevas, graciously adopted her two American friends into the line by conferring family names upon them, and then made them acquainted with the heroic deeds of the great Chiefs of Amo from whom they might now claim descent. Then, too, the genealogy of the family was laid before them; and among the South Sea islanders genealogy indicated "not only one's importance but one's right to land." Of course the honor conferred upon Mr. La Farge and Mr. Adams was not intended to be more than a compliment; nor could it be, for, as Mr. La Farge tells us:

"The entire aristocracy is a real one, the only one I know of. It is impossible to enter into it, though one may be born into it. With our ideas of more or less Germanic origin we suppose a ruler gifted with the power of bestowing part of his value upon certain men lower than himself and actually making such people essentially different. A Polynesian knows no such metaphysical subtlety. The actual blood of physical descent is essential to supremacy, except in a most vicarious and momentary manner, or as by marriage so that the children may become entitled to whatever the sum of the blood of parents represents."

These words were written before the visit to Tahiti and were in explanation of the attitude of the Samoans toward the chief Malietoa, whom the Berlin Conference made king, and toward the deposed ruler Mataafa, who, because of his more distinguished pedigree must be regarded as the greater chief even though arbitrarily despoiled of his power. For Mataafa, Mr. La Farge entertained very high respect. During the months spent in Samoa they met frequently, and the American visitors were deeply impressed by the ex-king's intelligence and courtly manners. Mr. La Farge's words about him are worth quoting:

"I see no picture about me more interesting than the moral one of my next neighbour the great Mataafa. To see the devout Christian, the man who has tried to put aside the small things that tie us down, struggle with the antique prejudices — necessary ones — of a Polynesian nobleman, is a touching spectacle. When a young missionary rides up to his door, while all others gently come up to it, and those who pass move far away out of respect; and then when the confident youth, full of his station as a religious teacher, speaks to the great chief from his saddle, Mataafa's face is a study. Over the sensitive countenance, which looks partly like that of a warrior, partly that of a bishop or church guardian, comes a wave of surprise and disgust, promptly repelled, as the higher view of forgiveness and respect for holy office comes to his relief.

"But Mataafa is not only a chief of chiefs, he is a gentleman among gentlemen. My companion, difficult to please, says, 'La Farge, at last we have met a gentleman.'"

The travellers' longest stay was in Samoa, where they made excursions in many directions and were everywhere received with warm hospitality. At each village as they approached they were welcomed by the *Taupo*, or official virgin; and in spite of the disapproval of the missionaries a performance of the sitting *siva* dance was usually given for their entertainment. Mr. La Farge has much to say about this dance, which is the Polynesian's natural form of expression of joy in life. The lithe, rippling movement of the body is exquisitely graceful in its pulsing rhythm. Upon the American artist it made a deep impression. Seeing it danced for the first time he wrote: "The memory of all that beauty which we call Greece, the one beauty which is to outlast all that is alive, comes over me like a wave of mist, softening and putting far away into fairyland all that I have been looking at."

In addition to the written record, Mr. La Farge used his brush and pencil assiduously to make a pictorial one, and the volume contains excellent reproductions of many of his sketches.

It would be pleasant to follow the travellers throughout their entire progress, first to Honolulu and thence around the island of Hawaii; next to Samoa, where they were paddled from village to village by native boatmen; thence to Tahiti; and lastly to Fiji, where, after an expedition into the mountains of Vita Levu, the trip came to an end. But the reviewer can only point this out, and leave the pleasure to the readers of the book.

FREDERICK W. GOOKIN.

THE NEW ILLUSTRATED FLORA.*

The natural history of a country passes through three stages. In the first, the period of the pioneer explorers, everything is new. In the second, knowledge accumulates, many books and papers are written, and the whole subject becomes too complex and difficult for one who has not access to large libraries and collections. In the third stage, a fairly complete treatment of the plants and animals emerges from the apparent chaos of diverse contributions and conflicting opinions, and it is possible for the first time to see the whole field at a glance, with nothing of much importance for such a survey

*AN ILLUSTRATED FLORA OF THE NORTHERN UNITED STATES, CANADA, AND THE BRITISH POSSESSIONS. By Nathaniel L. Britton and Addison Brown. Second edition, revised and enlarged. In three volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

omitted. In the first period, the main object appears to be to describe the newly discovered species. In the second, classification becomes as important as description. In the third, the broad outlines of the system having been laid down, and the accumulated data collected and arranged, the field lies open for biological work of all kinds. It is in the third period that the amateur comes to his own, and those who believe that it is good for many people to study nature must rejoice in the appearance of such works as the one now reviewed.

The first edition of Britton and Brown's "Illustrated Flora" appeared in the years 1896 to 1898, containing descriptions and illustrations of all the then known plants of the Eastern United States and Canada. It was very expensive to produce, and would hardly have been attempted but for the financial support of Judge Brown, who appears as one of the authors. Contrary to expectation, the first edition of six thousand copies readily sold out, and the book was a financial success. This is a significant fact, showing that there are thousands of people in this country sufficiently interested in botany to buy a rather high-priced technical work; and from the other point of view, that books of this kind can be safely undertaken by publishers in America as well as in Europe. It is probable that before very many years it will be possible to issue a similar illustrated Flora covering the whole of North America, and that when issued this larger work will also pay for itself. The time is hardly ripe for such a Flora at present, owing to our still very incomplete knowledge of the plants of many parts of the country. In the meanwhile, however, a condensed North American Flora, without illustrations, is slowly appearing in parts; prepared, like the present work, at the New York Botanical Garden.

When the first edition of the Illustrated Flora appeared, we supposed it nearly complete; but the second edition contains more than 500 species not given in the first, and in addition notes on a number of others considered more or less doubtful, or discovered too recently to be treated in full. The second edition also differs from the first in the names of about 175 genera, necessitating new names for several hundreds of species. Of course many of these changes have been made in other publications between the dates of the two editions; and in fact several, ostensibly new in the second edition, were really published previously by other authors. When we consider all these changes and additions, and remember that in many ways the treatment is very different from that of the Harvard botanists, and even from the work of some of the other botanists of the New York Garden, it seems doubtful whether we have after all reached the third stage in our evolution. It is indeed true that we have not yet reached a condition of stability as to many names and details of classification; but, on the other hand, the plant species are on the whole well known, and with the aid of such an excellent guide the amateur should have little difficulty in recognizing them. Fortunately, the pictures and descriptions are just as good, whether or not we approve of the names applied to them, so that the main object, — the accurate recognition of the plants, — is attained.

There are times when one is half inclined to regret the existence of good botanical and zoölogical manuals. These are when we find people wholly satisfied with them, looking for what is described in them, and looking no further. According to the way they are used, manuals may serve to bind or to liberate. They serve to bind and to hinder progress if they are thought of as covering the field, leaving nothing of importance to be done. They are, however, great causes of progress if they simply serve to make available the work of the past, so that upon it can be built the work of the future. We may judge that the first edition of the Illustrated Flora served in the latter way, as is shown by the great progress made since its publication. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that amateur, and even professional, botanists in America have not yet adequately realized the richness of the field before them. Once the species, in the broad sense, are sorted out and defined, all kinds of work on the biology, physiology, and varietal taxonomy of the plants may usefully begin. Of course work of this type has been carried on since the beginnings of botany in this country, but taken all together it does not do much more than open up the immense field for research. Perhaps the most fascinating subject of all is that of experimental breeding, to which Dr. Britton calls attention in his preface. Anyone who has a small garden, by concentrating on a single group of plants, can do valuable work of this type in the course of a few years.

Condensed as it is, the Illustrated Flora requires three large volumes. Necessarily, much interesting matter had to be left out, but we regret the total absence of reference to several critical researches of recent years. This is especially noticeable in the case of the brambles, since there is a large blank space on page 275

(Vol. II.), where it would have been so easy to insert a discussion of the numerous forms regarded as species by some and as hybrids by others. Misprints are almost lacking; and of positive errors, aside from matters of opinion, there are apparently very few. *Zephyranthes* is changed to *Atamosco*, but the derivation from the Greek given is that of the former name.

It is difficult for those who use the book to realize the great amount of work it represents. The reviewer is old enough to remember when Dr. Britton was beginning his larger labors. Some day it will be told how he organized the great botanical garden in Bronx Park, and contrived through it equally to serve the poor dwellers in down-town tenements, who flock there in myriads every week, and the highest purposes of pure science. There are very few in this world who can become great executives, and at the same time continue to do a large amount of original scientific work. In the midst of our work, we necessarily emphasize differences of opinion; but in due time, when the smoke of controversy has cleared away, it will appear a marvel that such a man as Dr. Britton existed, and was able to do what he did. T. D. A. COCKERELL.

RECENT FICTION.*

Mr. Winston Churchill's new novel, "The Inside of the Cup," offers an intensely serious treatment of an immensely important subject. As a novel, the charge lies fairly against it that the author is so weighed down with the sense of his mission and so zealous in the bearing of his testimony that he neglects art for the sake of didacticism, and fills the greater part of his five hundred pages with discussion and argument that belong in a sociological or theological treatise, and have no proper place in a work of fiction. Having made successful use of the novel as a vehicle for historical exposition, he evidently thinks it may be used with equal fitness as a vehicle for the exposition of liberal theology and for the ideas that form the basis of the modern propaganda for social and economic betterment. In this belief, and in the practice which it dictates, he has of course, many examples to which he may point in justification. Anything may be put into a novel nowadays, and many readers have got into the habit of appraising novels with regard to their sheer intellectual content rather than with regard to their rhetorical equipment or to the success with which they handle the formal problems of character development and dramatic action. The intellectual content of this novel is substantial, and it has besides enough of the attributes of the novel as an art-form to lighten if not to enliven its somewhat ponderous progress. Mr. Churchill's theme is the relation of the church to modern life, and its thesis is that the church as an organization must frankly recognize that its old dogmatic foundations are no longer tenable, and that it must rediscover and reassert the spirit of Christianity with little regard for creeds or formal doctrines if it may hope to survive. The cup must be cleansed within as well as polished without if it is to serve the true spiritual needs of man. The church must be converted from an organized hypocrisy into an active agency for social welfare, and its inner motive of action must become an unshaken conviction that the essence of Christianity is the realization of human brotherhood rather than belief in any miracle or lip-service to any creed. John Hodder, Mr. Churchill's protagonist, is called from a sleepy New England parish to St. Louis, where he ministers to the congregation of a fashionable church. Here the social problems which he had previously known only from afar are forced upon his attention, and he soon comes to realize that he cannot be a true shepherd of souls under the conditions which his vestry would impose upon him. He also begins to have doubts about the validity of the dogmas in which his mind has been shackled, and a course of reading in the higher criticism soon shows him how artificial have been his theological beliefs. When the time is ripe, he speaks out, and the sermon in which he states his new convictions is thrown like a bomb into his congregation. The explosion disrupts the church, alienates the magnate who is its chief supporter, arouses the sharp antagonism of the vestry, cuts off his salary, and threatens a trial for heresy. Hodder stands firm upon his canonical rights, and refuses to be moved by the argument that he is violating his contract when he refuses to preach the doctrines which he has been engaged to preach. It is the old question of whether the church may best be reformed from within or from without, and Hodder is resolute in holding it his duty to work from the inside. When the book closes, the threatened trial for heresy has been averted, and new allies have

* THE INSIDE OF THE CUP. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Co.

SALLY CASTLETON, SOUTHERNER. By Crittenden Marriott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN. By Frank L. Packard. New York: George H. Doran Co.

THE DRAGOMAN. By George K. Stiles. New York: Harper & Brothers.

STELLA MARIS. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Co.

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE. By Gilbert Parker. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE SILENCE OF MEN. By H. F. Prevost Battersby. New York: John Lane Co.

THE CATFISH. By Charles Marriott. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

THE HOUSE OF SPIES. By Warwick Deeping. New York: Harper & Brothers.

CALLING THE TUNE. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. New York: George H. Doran Co.

GUINEA GOLD. By Beatrice Grimshaw. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

EL DORADO. An Adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Co.

rallied to his cause, but we feel that the struggle has only begun. Mr. Churchill champions the cause with such sincerity and force of conviction that we cannot hold its eventual triumph in doubt. It is evident that this book is a new "Robert Elsmere," but two important points of difference must be noted. So much water has flowed under the bridges during the past thirty years that in the depiction of such a struggle between reason and prejudice it is possible to blow a more resounding note of hope upon the slug-horn than Mrs. Ward's knight of the spirit could command at the forbidding portal of *his* dark tower. And the accent of the argument is noticeably shifted. It is no longer placed upon dogmatic theology, for the *Zeitgeist* has already brought that pretty well into solution. It is placed instead upon the mission of the church as a social agency, and upon its practical rather than its intellectual derelictions. In taking this course Mr. Churchill is clearly the child of an age in which social sympathy is aroused as it has never been before, and, although the course takes him close to the reefs of sentimentality, he does not seem to be in danger of shipwreck upon them.

Will the American civil war, we wonder, continue for another half-century to supply the romantic novelist with inspiration as abundantly as it has in the half-century just ended. The end of the output is by no means in sight, as we are reminded by several novels of the past year, and now particularly by Mr. Marriott's "Sally Castleton, Southerner." The type of this kind of novel is now pretty definitely fixed, and the present example conforms to it. There is a dashing Union officer, and a patriotic Southern girl intensely devoted to the cause of the Confederacy. The girl loves the man against her will, and has to sacrifice something of her patriotism to rescue him from the fate of a spy. The scene is in Virginia, and the operations about Richmond supply the historical material. The outcome is the familiar one, and sentiment has the last word.

A foundling adopted by a New England country physician is brought up as one of the family, and becomes the professional assistant of his patron. He is given the name of Varge, and is devoted to Dr. and Mrs. Merton. Horace Merton, their degenerate son, quarrels with his father, and kills him in a fit of passion. Varge thereupon, to spare the woman who has been as a mother to him, makes the preposterous self-sacrifice of assuming the guilt of the crime, and is sentenced to the penitentiary for life. His character and conduct are such that his custodians are convinced in their hearts of his innocence, but no persuasion can wring the truth from him. He becomes a "trusty," and wins the love of the warden's daughter. Then he contrives to escape, reaches the coast of Maine, and there unexpectedly encounters the fair Janet. She is ready to flee with him, and to share the peril and ignominy of a hunted existence, but he will not accept the sacrifice, and gives himself back into the hands of the law to save her from such a life. Finally, Mrs. Merton dies, the guilty son makes a confession and then shoots himself, and Varge is free to take up the life of freedom and love. It makes an interesting and even exciting story, but the reader revolts at Varge's indefensible and impossible heroism. Mr. Frank L. Packard is the author, and "Greater Love Hath No Man" is the title.

"The Dragoman" is a piece of crude literary carpentry, but it contains a story. An Englishman who is the heir to large estates in Egypt, and who has lived on the Nile all his life, boards a nondescript steamer on its way up the river, and learns that it is conveying a consignment of rifles and machine guns by way of the Blue Nile to Abyssinia. It is chartered by an American named Hilken who, with his beautiful daughter, is on board. There have recently been ominous suggestions of a native uprising and a holy war, which make Randall suspicious, and he learns that the arms are really destined for use in such an enterprise. This fact, and the possible fate that may await the American girl in the Soudan, determine Randall to take a hand in the affair. He is an adept in the native disguises and dialects, and he succeeds in impersonating the Egyptian leader of the expedition, of whose person he disposes in a highly ingenious way, taking his place on the steamer. It is a desperate adventure, and one does not see how he is going to get out of it, but his schemes prove successful, and, without revealing his true character to the girl, he rescues her from her villainous captors, punctures the revolutionary plot, and gets back to Cairo, where he reaps his fitting reward. The story has no style to speak of, but its movement is swift and spirited, its knowledge of the East adequate, and its outcome romantically satisfying. Mr. George K. Stiles is the author.

Her real name is Stella Blount, but she is fancifully christened Stella Maris, because her room looks out on the English Channel, and the sea is her confidant and familiar. When we make her acquaintance, she is fifteen, and she has never left her room, because she is the victim of a spinal disease which keeps her flat on her back. We are led to suppose that she will never leave her bed, which does not seem to promise well for the heroine of a novel. She lives in a world of illusion, created for her by the tender solicitude of her loved ones, who have so kept her, like Iolanthe in the Danish lyrical drama, from all knowledge of the evil of the world, that sin and ugliness have no meaning for her. Chief among those who watch over her are two young men, for whom she is the centre about which the universe revolves. One is an actor, the other a journalist, and for the latter life has been made ghastly by an imprudent early marriage. His wife has developed from a shrew into a fiend, and just as the story opens, has been convicted for torturing a little maid-servant, and condemned to three years of imprisonment. Of all this Stella has no hint, and in the fairy realm of her imagination John Risca is a prince living in a beautiful marble palace which her imagination constructs in detail from his description. Now this

situation is one that inevitably lends itself to sentimentality of handling, and of sugary sentiment there is no lack in its portrayal, but somehow Mr. Locke keeps it from becoming either maudlin or mawkish, and develops it so beautifully that we come to accept it, despite an initial protest. About midway in the book, things begin to happen. Stella, growing toward womanhood, shows signs of recovering the use of her limbs, and after a year or so of convalescence, is restored to the conditions of normal existence. This requires a readjustment of her scheme of life, and an opening of her eyes to actuality. She learns all the wretched story of John's life, and has a hard struggle to preserve her mental balance under the shock. Meanwhile, the hideous cause of all this misery has served her term, and after her release, devotes herself with cold-blooded malignity to hounding John (who is still legally her husband) and the maid-servant whom John has rescued from an institution and made his ward, and even Stella, whom she seeks out, and poisons with the foul effluvium of her mind. The creature is so steeped in depravity that it is hard to accept her as a human being. Finally, the little maid whom John has protected, and in whom he has inspired the most doglike devotion, makes a great resolution. She will clear the path for his happiness by putting the horrible woman out of the way. She does this at the cost of her own life, because when the deed is done, she shoots herself. Then follow all kinds of heroics; the two young men, both of whom love Stella as a woman, indulge in the most approved style of Damon and Pythias performances, and at last the author, out of sheer wantonness, makes Stella choose the other man, although every indication of the story up to this time has pointed to John as the one to be rewarded in due time. We cannot forgive Mr. Locke for this breach of faith with us, which converts an appealing romantic action into a meaningless farce, and we refuse to take these last pages seriously. There is more substantial stuff concerned with motive and character in this book than Mr. Locke is wont to deal with, and, despite the interest of the present narrative, it is not as fine a performance as the works of whimsical intellectualized comedy with which he has hitherto regaled us.

It was inevitable that Sir Gilbert Parker should write a novel about the war in South Africa. The greater part of his work has concerned itself with the British dependencies, and he is one of the most impassioned of imperial patriots. Popular opinion in this country on the subject of the Boer War has been so warped by prejudice and so poisoned by perverse fallacies that it is highly important to have the matter set before us in its proper light. Nothing could be more grotesquely mischievous than the notion that this war was an act of brutal oppression waged for the purpose of crushing the liberties of two weak and defenseless republics. Those who know the facts of its history understand well enough that it was a struggle in behalf of the fundamental principles of human freedom, flouted and mocked at by a vicious and rapacious oligarchy. It was a war forced upon the English people by intolerable tyranny and wanton aggression. That Sir Gilbert makes this clear is a matter that goes without saying. We do not get to the war until "The Judgment House" is nearing its close, but the whole work leads up to it by an inevitable logical process. The hero is Rudyard Byng, one of the financial rulers of South Africa, who has returned to England and is occupying a conspicuous position in English society. He wooes and wins Jasmine Grenfel, an ambitious beauty who for his sake discards Ian Stafford, the diplomat-lover to whom she has been engaged. After the glamour fades, she becomes unfaithful to her husband, and yields herself to Stafford. Then the scene shifts to South Africa, and in the fiery furnace of the war the three persons chiefly concerned find their higher selves, and learn that life is something more than the gratification of petty ambition and personal desire. Stafford sees his sin face to face, and redeems himself from it by self-sacrifice and a heroic death. Byng, who never learns of his wife's faithlessness, regains her love by the splendid qualities of manhood which the war brings out in him, and Jasmine, purified by suffering, makes full atonement for her lapse from virtue. It is all a little sophisticated and more than a little melodramatic, but poetic in exposition and romantic in emotional coloring. We have given hardly a hint of the complicated plot, or of the tense dramatic situations in which the narrative abounds. Suffice it to say that all these things together make it a novel of enthralling interest, weaving many strands of intrigue and passion and heroism into its gorgeous pattern. In the matter of style as well as in those of invention and characterization, it stands upon Sir Gilbert's highest level of achievement.

A novel of unusually fine texture and power of characterization is offered by Mr. H. F. Prevost Battersby in "The Silence of Men." It is the story of John March, an official of the Indian government, and Lynne Ashburton, a fascinating young woman whom he encounters on his return voyage from a visit to England. Lynne is going out to occupy a business position that she has accepted by correspondence, and when she reaches her destination finds that the firm has failed, which leaves her stranded. March, learning of her plight, persuades her to remain, and make her home with him and his sister in the country district which is the scene of his labors. From this situation to a seemingly happy marriage the transition is not difficult. But the marriage is kept secret, and this enables Lynne, who tires of March and becomes infatuated with another man, to desert him, to contract a second marriage, and to return to England with her new husband in fancied security. March bears the blow in silence, and takes no step in interference. Returning to England himself, he meets the right woman, and wins her love, but of course realizes that he cannot marry her. The complication is disentangled when it tran-

spires that the versatile Lynne had contracted a marriage in England previous to her voyage to India, and that the first of her three husbands had died *between* the dates of her second and third weddings. Thus the third marriage is manifestly legal, while the second is seen to interpose no obstacle to March's new-found happiness. This ingenious plot is enough in itself to make a good novel, and it is made a very good one by the author's admirable style, his powers of description, and his skill in the analysis of character and motive.

"At the back of his mind there was an idea. What it was he never knew, because it never presented itself to his consciousness. He only knew that it was there. It continually reminded him of its existence. In the course of ordinary conversation, or when reading a book, there was the insistence of the idea trying to find expression. It was as though something was continually knocking at the door of his consciousness for admission. But he did not know what it was that knocked, nor did he know how to unlock the door." We came across this paragraph in an essay in "The New Statesman" just after reading Mr. Charles Marriott's novel, "The Catfish." The paragraph was not written with any reference to the book, but it supplies us a characterization of the hero. The mystery of the title is not explained until the last chapter is reached, where we read: "At one time the North Sea fishermen brought their cod to market in the holds of their vessels. In the tanks the cod lived at ease, with the result that they came to market slack, flabby, and limp. Some genius among fishermen introduced one catfish into each of his tanks, and found that his cod came to market firm, brisk, and wholesome." George Tracey, who grows up in an English provincial town, goes to London as a clerk in his father's banking business, and returns to his native town to establish a coöperative enterprise — a sort of department store on idealistic lines, represents the cod in this parable. Mary Festing, whom he meets as a child, is his catfish, and exercises a subtle influence over his life, even after he is happily married to another girl. He is an introspective youth, and is always busy with self-analysis, trying to discover why he does not see things with other people's eyes. He does not quite find out, but he achieves something like the sort of success for which he has been groping. The story is almost wholly devoid of exciting happenings, but it reveals to us a singularly interesting mind realizing itself under commonplace conditions, and it has a quiet compelling charm that sets it high above the level of ordinary fiction.

"The House of Spies," by Mr. Warwick Deeping, is a romance of the south coast of England in the days when the Emperor's forces massed at Boulogne threatened the safety of the island, and when the whereabouts of Villeneuve and Nelson were the subject of much anxious speculation. A fanatical English scholar, who has come to regard Napoleon as a champion of human liberty, and has conspired with the French to further their invasion, is the occupant of the old manor-house which the title of the book describes. Unfortunately for his nefarious designs, he has a pretty daughter, who is quite innocent of complicity in the treachery, and of whom a young neighboring squire becomes enamoured. There is an authentic villain of the best-approved type who has made the English scholar his dupe, and who is also an aspirant for the love of the fair Nance. How the squire thwarts his plans, and rescues the girl from his clutches as he is about to kidnap her and carry her away to France after the news of Trafalgar has made his plottings futile, is told us in thrilling fashion by Mr. Deeping whose skill as a romantic novelist we have had occasion to praise upon several previous occasions. We fear that the author is by way of being a cynic where women are concerned, for he says such shameless things as these: "Most women have a desire to dazzle and to devastate. It is the utter inability of the majority to do anything of the kind that gives such a feline viciousness to their morality." Nance, however, is an exception, for she is as dazzling and devastating as the most romantic taste could wish her to be.

Swashbuckling adventure has given place to modern comedy in Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's "Calling the Tune." Wickliff Hersham, returning from South America to England after an absence of twenty years, has made up his mind to have a good time. He has the wherewithal, being possessed of a suspiciously-gotten fortune amassed in Buenos Ayres. His thoughts turn toward a friend of his youth, Gregory Winbush by name, who had been his rival for the affections of a certain fair Gondoline, and had carried off the prize. He is discovered in his secluded suburban home, where he is engaged in the invention of a stabilizer for air-ships, secretly conducting his experiments within a mysterious shed of corrugated iron. The Gondoline of their youth has long since passed away, but a second Gondoline, an exact replica of her mother, greets the surprised gaze of the returned wanderer. Upon her he promptly fixes his affections, devising for her a round of the gaieties for which she has been pining, and showering her with gifts. Then a young rival appears upon the scene, and it looks as if Hersham were to be discarded in his favor. But when he is unmasked as a secret agent of the German government, spying upon Winbush's secret, he is ignominiously routed, and the fair Gondoline yields to her elderly wooer. Her essential girlishness and up-to-date slanginess on the one hand, and his imperturbable self-confidence on the other, make the pursuit and the capture highly diverting. The climax is inimitable:

"'Come, Gondoline, will you have a husband who is also a lover, pretty clothes, jewels, theatres, restaurants, travel, all kinds of good times. Think of the Minarets. Why, you can be the queen of Brindleaf, if you like. Will you marry me?'

"Gondoline denied him as fiercely as before.

"'No, no, no!' she cried on a rising scream.

"As she uttered the third 'no' she rose from her chair and threw herself into Wickliff's extended, inviting arms.

"'Oh, Wicky,' she said, as she felt his clasp about her, 'do you really think we shall ever be happy together?'

"Wickliff answered cheerfully, caressing her:

"'Oh, yes, I think we shall. I'll see to that.'"

Miss Beatrice Grimshaw has annexed a new country to the kingdom of romance, an achievement for which we should be duly grateful in these days when the jaded literary palate welcomes anything having the flavor of novelty. The island continent of New Guinea is her chosen scene, and she writes of it from first-hand knowledge and with an unusual power of vivid realism. Her former novel, "When the Red Gods Call," was a work of almost brutal power that made an almost unpleasant impression; its present successor, "Guinea Gold," has no less force, but is softened and humanized in its interest, besides having a well-developed plot. The hero is a Belfast engineer, out to seek his fortune in the gold-field, and armed with a manuscript, accidentally fallen into his possession, giving directions for the location of a gold-bearing reef in the savage wilderness of the island interior. George Scott takes two men into his confidence, and together they fit out an expedition, and are successful in their quest. The enterprise entails incredible hardships, and the struggle between man and nature has not often been described with such thrilling interest. The Papuan native, also, is made out of an ethnological specimen into a human being. An infinitely pathetic and alluring figure is that of Charmian Ducane, more sinned against than sinning, whose life has been placed under a cloud by malice and treachery, whom Scott rescues and loves, and who follows him into the wilderness to escape her persecutors, and whose death in the mining-camp turns his exultation to bitterness. The author is impelled to award her this fate out of consideration for a certain colorless Janie, who is left awaiting Scott in Belfast, and whose image in his mind Charmian completely displaces. After Charmian's death, we are told that Scott goes back to Belfast with his gold and weds the forgiving Janie, but we refuse to believe it. The playful savagery of the Papuans and the physical features of their island are impressed upon us in unforgettable descriptive pages, and the white derelicts who people these pages are given incisive individual characterization. The book is one in which boys will find their account as a marvellous story of adventure, and in which older readers will find enough else of deep human interest to reward them richly for their pains.

A new story of the Scarlet Pimpernel, that extraordinary adventurer whom the Baroness Orczy has created for the delectation of lovers of romance, will find a host of eagerly expectant readers. There seems to be no sort of a fix from which he cannot extricate himself, and one is kept guessing how he will do it (with the comfortable assurance that he cannot fail) until the end is reached. His exploit in "El Dorado" is the rescue of the dauphin from the Temple, which is accomplished with neatness and despatch. The rescuer gets himself into the toils, and how he gets himself out of them provides material for a most exciting narrative. Even the hackneyed nature of the material does not prevent the author from contriving a new plot with considerable freshness of interest. The secondary interest is found in a love-story in which sentimentality runs riot.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The poet-naturalist of Sérignan.

Late in life, on the very verge of ninety, has the great interpreter of the mysteries of insect life, whose "Souvenirs Entomologiques" are now first fairly getting themselves read, come into his own. His jubilee of three years ago was quickly followed by the long-deferred recognition of his merits as a writer, his books achieved a greater circulation in a few months than in all the preceding years, translations began to appear in other languages, and now a devoted disciple has prepared a sympathetic and touching biography of the modest and gifted man who at last is hailed by the world as "the insect's Homer." In Dr. C. V. Legros's "Fabre, Poet of Science" (Century Co.) is presented a faithful account of that long life of poverty and struggle, and of passionate devotion to a beloved pursuit, that had so nearly ended without any adequate recognition, from outside, of the noteworthy things accomplished. In the nick of time the biographer has secured the coöperation of the aged naturalist in presenting to the public the vicissitudes of a laborious life of eager study, miserably-paid teaching, research pursued in the face of all but insuperable obstacles, and authorship engaged in with the scantiest of encouragement from the book-buying public. The naturalist himself furnishes a short and characteristic preface, and Mr. Bernard Miall translates the work into English. Admirable is the picture that the book gives of sturdy independence, disregard of conventionalities, scorn of worldly honors, genius for solitude, devotion to an ideal, and power of unremitting toil at an ill-paid task. The name of Jean-Henri Fabre will stand high in the list of those whose compelling genius has defied adversity and gloriously triumphed. In the richness of his sources of information the biographer has been fortunate. The naturalist's "Souvenirs" and correspondence and other papers have been freely drawn upon, and personal intercourse with the master has secured many additional facts of interest and helped to correct a number of inaccurate reports that had gained currency. The spirit and style of the work are worthy of its subject. Even in translation its felicities of manner give delight, as where reference is made to the veteran entomologist's junior admirers and friends,—"young people with warm hearts and smiling imaginations, overflowing with that spring-time sap of life which makes us so expansive and so

eager to know." A few easily avoidable Gallicisms, however, are encountered in Mr. Miall's English, as "sensible" for "sensitive," and such a construction as "Rembrandt, Teniers, nor Van Ostade never painted anything more picturesque . . ." In the last chapter there is some lack of correspondence between the numbered notes and the numbers in the text. A portrait from an apparently recent photograph helps to a better acquaintance with the extraordinary and pathetically heroic personality so well pictured by the biographer's pen — so well because to the author's well-considered paragraphs there are added so many revealing passages of the great naturalist's own writing.

A study of the modern Jew.

Some fears and many prejudices will disappear after a careful reading of "The Jews of To-Day" (Holt), translated from the German of Dr. Arthur Ruppin by Miss Margery Bentwich, and introduced to the English reader by Mr. Joseph Jacobs, Litt.D. Carefully written from the fullest obtainable knowledge, every aspect of the modern Jew in all countries finds sympathetic presentation, with well digested considerations of his value to the world and his due place in it, now and in the future. It appears that the single million of Jews in the world at the close of the Thirty Years' War has now increased to some twelve millions, of whom two millions are in this country — half of them in New York. Dr. Ruppin divides the race into four classes, the first and largest of which is untouched by modern culture and keeps itself as a nation apart; the second holds a higher position economically, interests itself somewhat in non-Jewish literature, and modifies slightly the old ritual; the third includes the Jewish bourgeoisie in Europe and America, has a smaller birth rate, and keeps within the faith only in marriage and in occasional observance of ancient rites; the fourth comprises rich and university-educated Jews the world over, who are no longer of the faith and are on the point of merging themselves with the prevailing elements of population by marriage and baptism. The numbers of each class are roughly estimated, respectively, at six, three, two, and one million. One reads that "In England and America anti-Semitism arose because of the great influx of immigrants who are used to a low standard of living, are content to work for a low wage and so undercut the wages and lower the standard of living of the native workman." Dr. Ruppin says quite frankly: "In social and public life the Jews are often charged with being presumptuous and wanting in tact. This is very often the case in fact, but the reason is not to be found in their racial qualities but in the unparalleled rapidity of their social and economic advance, which naturally gives rise to this parvenu spirit." For the rest, it is said that the Jew in all ages has shown remarkable powers of assimilation with his neighbors, contrary to the general belief, and that for more than a century and a half has educated himself away from Jewry almost as rapidly as his bettering circumstances permitted his withdrawal from the Ghettoes of Europe. If numbers of his religionists and race rise far above the average in commerce, philosophy, and the arts, there are still greater numbers below the average; so that there is no marked difference, intellectual or other, between them and their non-Jewish neighbors. And that the Jew is a valuable factor in civilization, and in his fuller development a valuable addition to any population, Dr. Ruppin proves, we think, successfully, were these matters requiring proof.

The mystical beginning of Christianity.

Miss Evelyn Underhill, whose recent work on "Mysticism" is probably the most comprehensive modern study written from a sympathetic viewpoint, has followed this with another large book, "The Mystic Way: A Psychological Study in Christian Origins" (Dutton). Here Miss Underhill is on much more debateable ground than in her previous book; for while the only question to be raised about the former was whether mystical consciousness really led into a new realm or whether it was a merely subjective state with no reference to objective reality, the present book involves an interpretation of Christianity radically different from that of the sociologically-minded investigators who would explain all its early phases in terms of group struggles and of class antagonisms, and also from the modern liberal school who put a moralistic interpretation on the work of Jesus. Miss Underhill's thesis is that Christianity represents in its primitive purity a new type of mysticism differing from the Oriental, the Neoplatonic, and the Mahomedan. She quotes Professor Leuba to the effect that the mystic of this dispensation is "one of the most amazing and profound variations of which the human race has yet been witness." To make her thesis good, Miss Underhill has to show that Jesus himself, Paul, and the unknown author of the Fourth Gospel were veritable mystics, and that their records are records of mystical experience which can be checked up against later and fuller records from more detailed and verifiable sources. Her task is necessarily one of conjecture and interpretation, and its success will depend very largely upon the disposition which the Higher Critics are likely to make of some of her sources. Of course Miss Underhill takes the Higher Criticism into account, and fully accepts its findings as to the composition and ages of the sacred books; but the skeptically-minded reader will feel, nevertheless, that she is too disposed to regard as historical the legends which fit the mystic character she confers upon Jesus. From her biblical survey, she turns to the early church and to the evidences of mysticism contained in the Catholic liturgy. In these it may be granted that the secrets of the "Mystic Way" are embalmed; but it is the inevitable irony of mysticism itself that, to the reader who refused to see in this progress (granting a progress from Jesus himself to the later mystics) anything objectively real, Miss Underhill could make no reply except the invitation to tread the

mystic way one's self — the very thing that the skeptic could not do. And it must not be overlooked that Professor Leuba, whom Miss Underhill quotes in substantiation of the peculiar character of the Christian mystic, has himself recently analyzed those tendencies and laid it down that as soon as they show themselves in such forms as Miss Underhill records they are no longer transcendental mysteries but subject to the scientific analysis of the psychologist. And his own analysis of them leads him to find in them naught but projections of the believer's needs.

Wonders of the seashore.

A nature-study book from so experienced a naturalist and writer as Dr. Charles Wendell Townsend is sure to be well worth reading. "Sand Dunes and Salt Marshes" (Estes) represents the fruit of twenty years' vacation study of the varied phenomena of the seashore as viewed on the beach and in the marshes of the Massachusetts coast at Ipswich. Both the habits of the shifting sands and the characteristics of the animal and plant life of the vicinity are closely observed by Dr. Townsend, and his observations are recorded in a style attractive to general readers and by no means repellent to the specialist. Scientific names are relegated to the index, where they appear in parentheses after the more familiar unscientific designations. Illustrations, chiefly from the author's photographs, are supplied to the number of ninety-four. The twelve chapters of the book treat of the action of the sand under the impulse of wind and wave, tracks in the sand, plant life on the dunes, land birds of the seaside, swallow roosts and swallow migrations, water birds seen from the dunes, the harbor seal, salt marshes and their past and future, birds of the salt marshes, the horseshoe crab and other denizens of sand and mud, and bird genealogy. Striking and interesting are the instances given of rapid changes in seashore topography under the action of wind and wave. But if one goes a little further southward from Ipswich and observes the sport which the wind has with the sands of Cape Cod, the impression is even more memorable. A good story with an obvious moral is that of the Coffin farm, as told by Dr. Townsend. Farmer Coffin, on his deathbed, bequeathed his estate to his sons, but bade them never cut off the wood toward the ocean. Disobedience was followed by the quick submerging of the fertile acres in wind-blown sand. As an example of the author's careful note of all things occurring at the seaside, mention may be made of his solution of the mystery of grass balls, such as puzzled Thoreau when he observed them on the borders of Flint's Pond in Lincoln. He also takes pains to ascribe the sand-dune spider's tracks to the male only, for the female abides at home. And the reptilian origin of birds he finds indicated in the quadrupedal movements of young herons before they have learned to fly, and in "the extension of the so-called thumb or bastard wing in the pigeon and other birds as they approach their perch." The book abounds in similar instances of suggestive note and comment.

Facts about the tariff.

Mr. Amasa M. Eaton has brought together a wealth of information regarding the tariff in a small and readable volume which he calls "Protection *vs.* Free Trade" (McClurg). It forms an earnest attempt to enlighten the American people regarding the gross impositions that have been practiced upon them under the name of "protection." The author points out that free trade between the States of the American Union and free trade in Great Britain make the doctrines of Adam Smith and every other political economist of reputation a fact, and force upon their opponents the burden of proof to establish protection as anything more than a disproved theory — especially in the light of what it has done to the people of this country. He points out that "free trade," wherever spoken of, does not mean the abolition of custom houses, but the raising of revenue from imports in accordance with the practice in Great Britain and elsewhere, in such a way as not to confer special privileges upon natives of the country whose imports are thus taxed; the term is therefore synonymous with the phrase, "tariff for revenue only." He points out the enormous cost of protective tariffs in comparison with other means of raising governmental revenue, conferring as they do upon their beneficiaries a power to tax the people equal to from seven to twenty times the amount received by government. He quotes the highest constitutional authority to prove that any bill before Congress which contains protective features is introduced and passed in open conflict with the Constitution and in open violation of the congressman's oath to support the organic law. Without resorting to statistics that might tend to confuse, he makes the point clear that any pretence of the need for "protection" passed years and years ago; placing it as far back as 1812, though there is abundant authority to show that many industries still "protected" were self-sustaining before the Revolutionary War. Generally speaking, he treats "the American system" with the profound contempt that it deserves from thinking men; he denounces it as immoral, antiquated, outgrown, at odds with every idea of freedom, and the well-spring of inexpressible and inevitable corruption, and leaves its advocates on the defensive from the introduction to the close of his work.

From the letters of an eminent publicist.

In a volume of five hundred and forty pages are gathered four hundred and twenty-five letters or selections from letters written by or to the late Goldwin Smith, and edited by his literary executor, Mr. Arnold Haultain. Covering the years from 1846 to 1910, they show us the distinguished scholar, author, journalist, and independent thinker, from his twenty-third year to within a week of his death. His earlier correspondence he himself deliberately

destroyed, as also most of that between the years 1846 and 1868; but, as in the case of the Sibylline Books, what is now preserved will be all the more highly prized because of the loss of the rest. And perhaps we have fully as much as will be read and digested in these hurried twentieth-century days. Goldwin Smith belonged to the nineteenth century, especially to its middle and latter part, as Mr. Haultain remarks, though on some questions that closely concern us of to-day he expressed himself in no uncertain accents. Writing from Toronto to Mr. Frederic Harrison in the summer of 1902, he bursts forth: "*Martem et Circenses* — how they are trying to befool the people with military excitement and shows! How great, one must sorrowfully add, has been their success! We have had a very painful revelation. . . . Things do not look well in the United States. They are getting more and more deeply entangled in the Philippines. This may, however, divert them from expansion southwards, to which the Isthmian Canal is otherwise likely to be a lure." It is chiefly with English affairs that the letters deal, and Englishmen of note make up the majority of the correspondents. The careful editorship of the volume deserves more than a passing word of commendation. In the table of contents the letters are arranged chronologically, each with name of writer, name of recipient, date of writing, and number of page on which it begins. Useful footnotes are supplied, and a full index of subjects and personal names completes the book. Four portraits, showing Goldwin Smith at different ages, are interspersed. These letters from his pen heighten one's opinion — already high — of their writer's vigor of thought and clearness of vision. Messrs. Duffield & Co. publish the volume, and it bears the title, "Goldwin Smith's Correspondence."

True love in County Antrim.

Mr. Alexander Irvine's power of vivid narration is known to all readers of his autobiographic volume, "From the Bottom Up." A supplement to that appealing narrative is now offered in "My Lady of the Chimney Corner" (Century Co.), described in a prefatory note as "the torn manuscript of the most beautiful life I ever knew," the life of the author's mother. Very tenderly and touchingly he tells the love-story of his parents Jamie Irvine and Anna Gilmore. "The Gilmores lived on a farm near Crumlin in County Antrim," and Jamie was a journeyman shoemaker; and, as he afterward expressed it, "I know'd frum th' minute I clapped eyes on 'er that she was the finest wuman on God's futstool!" The two were rich in nothing but love and children, of whom four died in childhood. Alexander was the ninth, born with a caul and so destined to have good luck. When times were especially hard — and they seem rarely to have been anything else — Anna would help her husband at his work. "There were things in cobbling she could do as well as Jamie. Her defense of doing it in the early hours of the Sabbath was: 'Sure God has more important work to do than sit up late to watch us mend the boots of the poor; forby it's better to haave y're boots mended an' go to church than to sit in th' ashes on Sunday an' swallow the smoke of bad turf.'" "Aye," Jamie would answer, "it's jist wondtherful what we can do if we haave th' right kind ov a conscience!" The simple faith of the mother, her love for her dear ones, the author's devotion to her, and all the homely details of their family and village life, are frankly narrated without even any changing of proper names, as the writer assures his readers. The boy's call to become a preacher and missionary, his return to deliver a lecture on "England in the Soudan" in the only hall of his native village, his departure for America with the blessing of the mother he was never to see again — much of this is at least partly known to those who have already interested themselves in Mr. Irvine. His closing account of his going back to Antrim after fifteen years, and what there befell him, forms a fitting conclusion to the little history.

Stimulating essays on life and knowledge.

Those of the cynics who are not too cynical will find a book to gloat over in Mr. William Arkwright's "Knowledge and Life" (Lane). Unlike most volumes of essays and sketches, it is not made up mainly of reprinted matter; only two of the eighteen titles have previously appeared. The first and the last, "The Tree of Knowledge" and "The Tree of Life," are really notable as well as immensely clever. One of the keenest, wittiest, wisest remarks of our decade is this: "Again, as 'in prosperity of summer' the female green-flies, without male assistance, produce an ephemeral offspring, so from a redundant curriculum do parthenogenetic writings make their appearance in greater numbers than those that are legitimately begotten. Wherefore, doubtless, each callow aspirant nowadays possesses droves of ostentatious phrases, and is waiting for thoughts with which to fertilize them — only as a rule he tires of waiting, and rushes into print." Seldom does a scientific analogy so perfectly point literary criticism. "The Thief," a lampoon on old-time Calvinism, stabs a thing that perhaps is gasping its last breath, but which cannot have too many murderers. The three stories told by an ant, though illustrating a rather worn method of satire, are nevertheless distinctive and piquant. The biological pathos of the last story, told just before the nuptial flight and predestined death, gives the series artistic finish,— sharpened, it must be said, with some emerystone from Shavian misogamy. In fact, Woman and the Church, two fairly old and fairly stable institutions, come in for repeated thrusts, "The Bambino" being one of the best ecclesiastical heresies. "An Appreciation" indicates Buddhistic sympathies. "From an Old Diary" convinces a reader already nearly persuaded that Mr. Arkwright is a writer of much polish and skill, who has succeeded in waiting until some of his fine phrases have been fertilized by thought.

Notes.

"Westways," Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's forthcoming novel, is a story of country life in Middle Pennsylvania during the fifties.

"Loiterer's Harvest" is the happy title chosen by Mr. E. V. Lucas for his new volume of essays, to be published by the Macmillan Co.

A second series of Mr. W. J. Lawrence's scholarly work, "The Elizabethan Playhouse and Other Studies," is announced by J. B. Lippincott Co.

"The Rise of the Novel: Johnson and his Circle" is the general subject of the forthcoming tenth volume of the "Cambridge History of English Literature."

A study of "Beaumont the Dramatist" by Professor Charles Mills Gayley of the University of California, is in preparation for autumn publication by the Century Co.

A collection of Shakespearean studies by Professor Brander Matthews is announced for early issue by Messrs. Scribner in a volume entitled "Shakspere as a Playwright."

Three important literary biographies announced for autumn publication by the Macmillan Co. are Sir Sidney Colvin's "Keats," Mr. Francis Watts's "Robert Louis Stevenson," and the Earl of Lytton's "Bulwer Lytton."

An anthology in a unique field has been made by Mrs. John Crosby Brown, and will be published by Messrs. Putnam. The book is a collection of dedicatory forms used from the early days of bookmaking to the present time.

"The Poem-Book of the Gael," a volume of translations from Irish Gaelic poetry into English prose and verse, as selected and edited by Miss Eleanor Hull, is an interesting autumn announcement of Messrs. Browne & Howell Co.

"Our Eternity," by M. Maeterlinck, to be published this year by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. in Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos's authorized translation, is described as "an inquiry into the nature of the possibilities of the hereafter."

Miss Rosa Mayreder's "A Survey of the Woman Problem," soon to be published by the George H. Doran Co., has attracted marked attention in the German original as one of the most radical discussions of the feminist movement yet written.

"The Power of Ideals in American History," by Professor Ephraim D. Adams, is announced by the Yale University Press. The book is founded on the Dodge Lectures on the Responsibilities of Citizenship delivered by the author at Yale last spring.

Three promising volumes of personal reminiscences on Messrs. Scribner's autumn list are Mrs. John A. Logan's "Reminiscences of a Soldier's Wife," Senator Henry Cabot Lodge's "Early Memories," and Admiral George Dewey's Autobiography.

Lord Alfred Douglas is writing a book on "Oscar Wilde and Myself." It will deal critically with Wilde's work; but it will also contain a good deal of information, and many anecdotes, sayings, facsimile letters, and illustrations never before published.

Three novels to be issued almost immediately by the John C. Winston Co. are "The Man Who Saw Wrong" by Mr. Jacob Fisher, "Fanny of the Forty Frocks" by Frances Aymar Mathews, and "The Fate of Felix Brand" by Mrs. Florence Finch Kelly.

A region comparatively little known to the tourist, yet exceptionally interesting and picturesque, is described in Miss Virginia W. Johnson's "Two Quaint Republics: Andorra and San Marino," which Messrs. Dana Estes & Co. will publish immediately.

Dr. David Starr Jordan's forthcoming volume, "War and Waste," is described by its publishers as "not an ethical tirade on the wickedness and the futility of war, but a hard-headed business discussion of the financial, moral, and biological wastes that are caused by it."

Some forthcoming volumes of exceptional literary interest in Messrs. Holt's "Home University Library" are Mr. H. N. Brailsford's "Shelley, Godwin, and their Circle," Mr. Clutton Brock's "William Morris and his Circle," and Professor Gilbert Murray's "Greek Literature."

A study of "Elizabethan Rogues and Vagabonds and their Representation in Contemporary Literature," by Mr. F. Aydelotte, is announced by the Oxford University Press. This house has also in preparation a complete edition of Henry Vaughan's poetical works, edited by Mr. L. C. Martin.

Mr. Daniel R. Williams, who accompanied the Philippine Commission headed by Mr. Taft on its tour of the islands, has prepared an account of his experiences and impressions and conclusions, which Messrs. McClurg & Co. will publish under the title, "The Odyssey of the Philippine Commission."

The first three issues in "The National Social Science Series" will be "The Family," by Professor John M. Gillette, of the University of North Dakota; "Money," by Dr. William A. Scott, Director of Course in Commerce and Professor of Political Economy, University of Wisconsin; and "Taxation," by Mr. C. B. Fillebrown, President of the Massachusetts Single Tax League.

The important series of "American Crisis Biographies," which Messrs. George W. Jacobs & Co. have had in course of publication for some time, will be brought to a conclusion during the next few months with volumes on Raphael Semmes, Ulysses S. Grant, and Daniel Webster, — the work, respectively, of Mr. Colyer Meriwether, Professor Franklin S. Edmonds, and Professor Frederic A. Ogg.

"The greatest figure in German politics since Bismarck" is the London "Nation's" characterization of August Bebel, the German Socialist who died in Zurich, Switzerland, on August 13. Born in Cologne in 1840, his childhood and youth were passed in dire poverty. His political life began in the sixties with a phase of Liberalism, but association with Liebknecht soon made a Socialist of him. In 1867 he was elected to the North German Parliament, and four years later to the new German Reichstag. With Liebknecht, he stood alone in opposing the Franco-German war-loans and the annexation of Alsace, an act of daring which brought him his first imprisonment on a charge of high treason. He came out of prison a popular hero, and in 1875 founded modern German Social Democracy. There followed internal conflicts with the anarchists and the revisionists, but Bebel triumphantly defended his central doctrine, and with consummate leadership kept his great and ever-growing party together. Among his numerous writings are the following: "Christentum und Sozialismus," "Charles Fourier," "Die Frau und der Sozialismus," and "Die Sozialdemokratie und das allgemeine Wahlrecht." His autobiography has recently been published in an English translation entitled "My Life."

The death of a distinguished author and librarian is reported from Orchard Park (near Buffalo), the summer residence of Josephus Nelson Larned, long associated with the educational and library interests of his adopted American home. Born at Chatham, Ontario, May 11, 1836, Mr. Larned was educated in Buffalo, served on the staff of "The Express" of that city from 1859 to 1872, was superintendent of Buffalo public schools, 1872–3, head of the public library, 1877–97, President A. L. A., 1893–4, and from about forty years of age was a prolific writer and editor of books. His "Talks about Labor" appeared in 1877, his valuable and now all but indispensable "History for Ready Reference" in 1895 (with supplementary volumes in 1901 and 1910), his "Talk about Books" in 1897, "History of England for Schools" in 1900, "A Multitude of Counsellors" in the following year, "Primer of Right and Wrong" the year after that, "History of the United States for Secondary Schools" in 1903, "Seventy Centuries—A Survey" in 1905, "Books, Culture, and Character" the next year, and in 1911 "A Study of Greatness in Men" and a "History of Buffalo." He also edited "The Literature of American History" (1902). Earnestness, thoroughness, a scholarly mind, a command of historical knowledge, and, from first to last, a noble purpose and a high ideal, were his. His death occurred August 15.

Topics in Leading Periodicals.

September, 1913.

Alcohol Motive, In Quest of the. G. T. W. Patrick *Pop. Sci.*
Ambassadors, American, Abroad . . . *North American*
Americanisms, Real or Reputed. T. R. Lounsbury *Harper*
Bacteria: Our Invisible Allies. W. H. Thomson *Everybody's*
Baldwin, "Lucky," The Return of. Peter C. Macfarlane . . . . . *American*
Beauty, Preaching the Gospel of. Nicholas V. Lindsay . . . . . *Forum*
Bed Clothes. George A. Birmingham . . . . . *Forum*
Biological Forecast, A. G. H. Parker . *Popular Science*
Bogota, The Road to. Arthur Ruhl . . . . *Everybody's*
Book-Buyer, Amateur, Tribulations of a. John L. Hervey . . . . . *Atlantic*
Broken Neck, Surviving a. William M. Sellman *American*
Canal Zone Sanitation. J. S. Lankford . *Popular Science*
Cartagena the Ancient. William Hurd Lawrence *Harper*
Chile, Nitrate Fields of. W. S. Tower . *Popular Science*
Church, Rural, Financing the. Joseph W. Strout *Atlantic*
Cities, The Drift to the. G. S. Dickerman . . . *Atlantic*
Cities, Problem of: A Hopeful View. Mark Jefferson *Atl.*
City, American, Cleaning up the. Helen C. Bennett *Amer.*
College Entrance Requirements. F. L. McVey *Pop. Sci.*
Conversation, Better Part in. O. W. Firkins . *No. Amer.*
Currency, Elastic, Stories of. J. R. Merriam *World's Work*
Death, Life after. Maurice Maeterlinck . . . . *Century*
Emerson, Harrington, Story of. H. N. Casson *Rev. of Revs.*
English Poets, Living. R. A. Scott-James . *No. American*
Englishman, The Mad. Norman Douglas *North American*
Farmer, The, as Capitalist. John L. Mathews . *Harper*
Filipinos—What about the? Carl Crow . *World's Work*
France a Centralized State. Jesse Macy . . *Rev. of Revs.*
Futurist Manners . . . . . *Atlantic*
Hygiene, Social. Lewis M. Terman . . *North American*
India, Living. H. Fielding-Hall . . . . . *Atlantic*
"Invisible Government, The." J. C. O'Laughlin *Rev. of Revs.*
Japanese, Nagging the. F. G. Peabody . *North American*
Juryman, The Mind of the. Hugo Münsterberg . *Century*
Kaiser, Men around the . . . . . *Review of Reviews*
Kipling, The Poetry of. J. De Lancey Ferguson . *Forum*
Labor Problem, Government, People, and. Paul U. Kellogg . . . . . *Review of Reviews*
Le Puy. Louise Closser Hale . . . . . *Harper*
Libyan Desert, Through the. D. T. MacDougal . *Harper*
Light and Heat, Absorption and Emission Centres of. W. W. Strong . . . . . *Popular Science*
Lion, African, Life-History of the. Theodore Roosevelt . . . . . *Scribner*
London, An Uncommercial Traveler in. Theodore Dreiser . . . . . *Century*
Materialism, A Plea for. Ellwood Hendrick . . *Atlantic*
Minimum Wage, The. John Bates Clark . . . *Atlantic*
Moody, William Vaughn, More Letters of . . . *Atlantic*
"Movies," Menace of the. Walter P. Eaton . . *American*
Mural Painting in America. Edwin H. Blashfield *Scribner*
Murray Bay, Canada. Henry D. Sedgwick . . . *Century*
Nerve, Our Loss of. Agnes Repplier . . . . . *Atlantic*
Novelists, English, and the Business Man. W. A. Gill . . . . . *Atlantic*
"Oregon Muddle, The." Victor Rosewater . . . *Century*
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Pageant-Drama Revived, The. S. M. Hirsch. *Rev. of Revs.*
Paris. Samuel P. Orth . . . . . *Atlantic*
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Verhaeren, Emile. O. F. Theis . . . . *North American*
Washington, Romantic Founding of. T. N. Page *Scribner*
Whistler, A Visit to. Maria T. Buel . . . . . *Century*
Yuan Shih-kai: Master of China. Carl Crow *Rev. of Revs.*

List of New Books.

[*The following list, containing 38 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

Fabre: Poet of Science. By Dr. C. V. Legros; with Preface by J. H. Fabre; translated by Bernard Miall. With photogravure portrait, large 8vo, 352 pages. Century Co. $3. net.

The Life of Robert Toombs. By Ulrich Bonnell Phillips, Ph.D. With photogravure portrait, 8vo, 281 pages. Macmillan Co. $2. net.

The Tragedy of Mary Stuart. By Henry C. Shelley. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 295 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $3. net.

My Lady of the Chimney Corner. By Alexander Irvine. 12mo, 221 pages. Century Co. $1.20 net.

Lineage, Life and Labors of José Rizal: Philippine Patriot. By Austin Craig; with Introduction by James Alexander Robertson, L.H.D. Illustrated in color, etc., large 8vo, 287 pages. Yonkers: World Book Co. $2.50 net.

A One-Sided Autobiography. By Oscar Kuhns. 12mo, 236 pages. Eaton & Mains. $1. net.

Village Life in America, 1852-1872, as Told in the Diary of a School-Girl. By Caroline Cowles Richards; with Introduction by Margaret E. Sangster. New and enlarged edition; illustrated, 12mo, 225 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $1.30 net.

HISTORY.

The Story of California, from the Earliest Days to the Present. By Henry K. Norton. Illustrated, 12mo, 390 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50 net.

Jena to Eylau: The Disgrace and the Redemption of the Old-Prussian Army. By Colmar, Freherr von der Goltz; translated from the German by C. F. Atkinson. With maps, 12mo, 340 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

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PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

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THE DIAL
FALL ANNOUNCEMENT NUMBER
SEPTEMBER SIXTEEN

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